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29th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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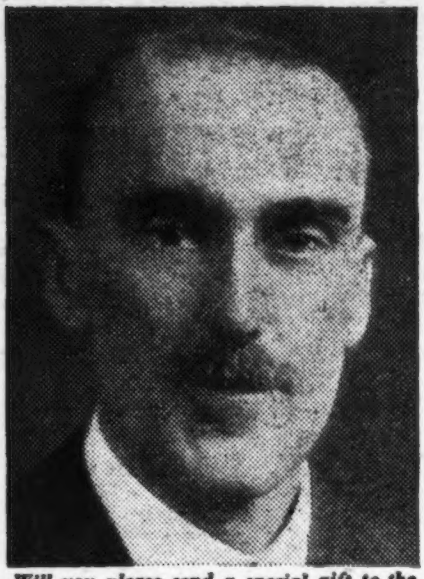

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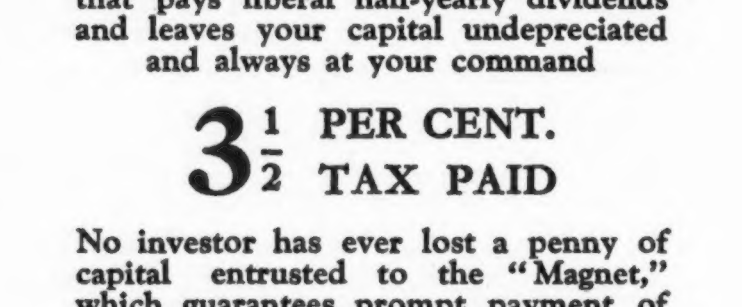

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

OCTOBER, 1935

THE Italo-Abyssinian dispute has monopolized the attention of the politicians and the Press during the past month, though to what extent it has occupied the mind of the ordinary citizen is another matter. Quite apart from the merits of the case, however, there are certain disturbing reflections which have occurred to the man-in-the-street, and they are admirably summarised in a letter which the writer received the other day from a very shrewd Oxford don, "What a mess we are in at the moment . . . All would go much better, one imagines, if there were no Mr. Eden and if our diplomatic intentions were not broadcast in the Press." In actual fact Mr. Eden and Press publicity are interchangeable terms, for whatever doubts one may have concerning the diplomacy of the Minister for League Affairs there can be nothing but sympathy for him in the failure of his efforts to keep his name out of the head-lines, and his photo out of the letter-press. One cannot imagine anything more distasteful than such publicity to a member of His Majesty's Government when handling a delicate international problem.

The prominence accorded to Mr. Eden is, however, a matter for himself and his colleagues, but the recent attitude of a section of the British Press towards foreign affairs constitutes a very real danger. It is not so much the letter-press that does the damage as the head-lines and posters. For example, should Italy show a disposition to accept a compromise, at once we are confronted with the boldest type announcing "Italy climbs down." It is hardly remarkable in such circumstances that a foreign statesman should hesitate before taking a step

which will be proclaimed to the British public in such a way as to provide a weapon for his domestic opponents. It is not difficult to imagine what use Mr. Lloyd George would make of similar statements about, say, Mr. Baldwin, in the foreign Press. Negotiations cannot much longer be conducted in this atmosphere, and if the Press will not play the game it will have to submit to some form of censorship. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the more reputable papers will bring their less responsible brethren to reason lest worse befall. It may be added that the provincial papers set an example of restraint which the London Press would often do well to follow.

Politics and Finance

THE Rickett concession, or rather the mystery which surrounded its conclusion, is also disquieting. The Foreign Office very properly issued a denial of all knowledge of the affair, and thus re-established the good faith of England, which had been seriously called in question by the original announcement that the Negus had come to terms with an Anglo-American syndicate at the very moment that the British Government was proclaiming its disinterestedness in matters Abyssinian. Still, the matter cannot be left there. The Foreign Office should have known what was afoot, and the fact that it did not know means that there is something seriously wrong. We used to have the best secret intelligence in the world. What has become of it? It is to be hoped that when Parliament meets this question will be raised.

In most countries the connection between foreign policy and finance is very close indeed, perhaps too close, but in London the reverse is the case. During the crisis in August and September, 1931, the Foreign Office was not in possession of even the approximate figure of our indebtedness abroad and the foreign credits here, and the actual facts became known at a peculiarly difficult moment and in a most embarrassing way. The

Rickett incident is a further, if not quite analogous, example of the same lack of information. It is difficult, too, to resist the conclusion that if the Foreign Office were in closer touch with finance and commerce it might persuade Ministers to adopt an attitude more calculated to further the national economic interests, not least in the Far East.

Non Tali Auxilio

THE Abyssinian dispute has come as a veritable godsend to the Socialists both here and in France. It has enabled them to force their policy upon the Government, and has given some show of reality to their campaign against Fascism. If Mr. Baldwin and M. Laval do not act according to their wishes they will accuse them of being disloyal to the principles of the League; if these statesmen obey their behests the Socialists will reap the benefit. This is probably more true in England than in France, for in this country the public has been allowed to listen to pacifist preaching for so long that it has lost all sense of reality. If this were not the case, the idea of a war in defence of peace, which is what sanctions really mean, would be laughed out of court.

The dangers that such a course would bring in its train are naturally welcome to the revolutionary parties. The dismemberment of the British Empire would cause them no uneasiness, while it is one of their most treasured maxims that war must lead to revolution: hence their eagerness for the imposition of sanctions against Italy. It would be ludicrous, were it not so ominous, to see these advanced democrats, who have witnessed the Russian tyranny in Georgia and the Ukraine without a protest, rallying to the defence of the absolute ruler of a slave-owning community. It is to be hoped that before it is too late the British Government will have its eyes opened to the nature of the support some members of

it appear to be so pleased at receiving from the Opposition.

As Others See Us

THE Continent is by no means so unanimous in its support of the British attitude as the Government Press in this country would have its readers suppose. *Je Suis Partout*, for example, is typical of a large section of French opinion when it comments upon two paradoxes in our policy, "If the military occupation of Abyssinia by the Italians is a crime against humanity, one cannot help asking what English soldiers are doing in Alexandria and Cairo, in Bombay and Calcutta." The article in question then points out that the Egyptians and Indians are far more capable of governing themselves than the subjects of the Negus.

The second paradox to which the same paper draws attention is that towards German breaches of international obligations the British Government has shown the utmost complaisance, and hastened to condone the violation of the naval clauses of the Treaty of Versailles by coming to an agreement with Berlin behind the backs of France and Italy. It may be added that it is generally believed abroad that British public opinion is far too divided on the application of sanctions for the Government to dare to apply them, more particularly since Signor Mussolini's promise to respect British interests. Whether this criticism is justified is another matter, but it is well that it should be known to exist.

Back to the Protocol?

THE speech of Sir Samuel Hoare at Geneva on September 11th administered a well-deserved snub to those enthusiasts of the League of Nations Union who wish the League to be regarded as a super-State, and it is extremely satisfactory to have the authority of the British Foreign Secretary for the view that it is neither more nor less than a piece of diplomatic machinery. On

the other hand, it was unfortunate that Sir Samuel was prevented, possibly by the want of agreement among his colleagues in the Cabinet, from dealing with the question how far Mr. Eden's policy of the Universal Aunt is to be carried. Are we, or are we not, back to the still-born Geneva Protocol of 1924 by which Mr. Ramsay Macdonald strove to ensure that British lives should be lost in any and every international dispute that arose?

This suggestion was rejected by the electorate at the poll, and if it is to be revived it would appear to be only right that the voter should be consulted afresh. The Government is, at any rate in theory, prepared to send troops to defend Addis Ababa against Italy: is it equally ready in similar circumstances to protect Vienna or Leningrad against Germany? Mr. Eden has strayed a long way from the strictly limited commitments of Locarno. Furthermore, if his interpretation of our responsibilities is to stand, we might find ourselves fighting at one and the same time against the Italians in Abyssinia, and on their side in Austria, that is to say, if the Germans invaded the latter country while the African war was in progress. The situation demands immediate clarification.

The Important Lesson

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the dispute Great Britain must increase her defences, for her present condition is a definite encouragement to aggression on the part of others, as the history of the past five years clearly proves. The National Government is admirably suited to this task for it is composed almost exclusively of those who are responsible for our present unprotected condition. When we are once again in possession of the armaments which our commitments render necessary we shall be able to speak with authority as a Great Power, and shall no longer be compelled to play the ignominious part of a League lobbyist to gain our ends.

Recent events should have taught us that in the last resort force is still the court in secular affairs. Would Ireland ever have got self-government if she had continued along the path of constitutional agitation indicated by Butt, or women the vote had there been no such creatures as militant suffragettes? There is even the authority of Mr. Gladstone for the statement that "if no instructions had ever been addressed in political crises to the people of this country except to remember to hate violence and love order and exercise patience, the liberties of this country would never have been attained." It is weakness, not strength, that encourages violence, both at home and abroad. A strong Britain is a better guarantee of peace in Europe than any system of collective security.

The Greek Monarchy

THE penultimate stage in the restoration of King George II has been reached, for the Prime Minister, M. Tsaldaris, has declared himself in its favour, and is advising his fellow-citizens to vote monarchist at the plebiscite next month. That so cautious a statesman should have taken this step is a severe blow to the supporters of the republican regime, for no one has ever charged M. Tsaldaris with lack of patriotism or foresight. One can only trust that the Venizelists will now accept the inevitable, so that the vote may be nearly unanimous. In this way the King would be enabled to return, as he wishes to do, not as the nominee of one party but as the embodiment of the Greek people.

The course of events in Greece shows how much easier it is to set up a republic than to restore a monarchy, that is to say to destroy than to build. The Second Spanish Republic came into existence in a few hours, but years of patient work will have gone to the rebuilding of the Greek throne. Throughout history the reversion to barbarism has always been rapid, and the growth of civilization extremely slow. Those who say that re-

publicanism is more natural than monarchism are right, but they must also admit that it is not natural for man to be highly civilized : in a state of nature his life is, to quote Hobbes, " poor, nasty, brutish, and short." Monarchy is a step forward in the direction of order, and so it is not merely different from republicanism, but represents a higher standard of civilization.

The Milk Board

IT is to be hoped that the Milk Board will not regard the recent poll as a sign of its popularity. What has happened is that the farmer, placed in an unenviable dilemma, made the best of a bad job, and voted for the Board's continuance. In effect, the Board has been given a second chance, but if it is to survive it must mend its ways. In particular it must avoid such a policy as was typified in the veto on farmers selling their milk at their doors to retail buyers. The official defence of this was that " by selling at their own prices they (i.e. the farmers) undercut those required by the distributor." It is true that this particular regulation has now been modified, but that it was ever in force is ominous. Whitehall has apparently so taken to heart Napoleon's remark that we are a nation of shop-keepers that no other interests than those of the shop-keeper now matter.

In any industry the consumer must come first, the producer second, and the middleman a bad third. If the Milk Board thought that such tender concern for the interests of the urban middleman would melt the latter's heart it has been disappointed, for it has merely encouraged him to resist any concession, and he is now trying to carry matters with so high a hand that even the complaisant Milk Board may yet be compelled to fight on behalf of the long-suffering producer.

The Wrong Planning

THE troubles of the Milk Board reveal the fundamental weakness of so many of our " planners " : they will persist in planning from the top downwards instead of

from the bottom upwards, while they are too often mere theorists with no practical knowledge of the industry for which they desire to legislate. Especially is this the case with agriculture. The most recent example is the proposal to destroy rabbits by the use of asphyxiating gas. The weakness of this suggestion, apart from the cruelty it involves, is that rabbits so killed are inedible, and thus a dead loss which the farmer cannot afford. The sooner the urban " planner " realizes that there is no margin of profit in farming to allow of such luxuries the better.

Meanwhile, nothing is apparently being done about the supply of water, although it was only the sudden change in the weather at the end of August that saved large areas from a repetition of the miseries of last year. The matter must be taken in hand without delay, for with modern methods of agriculture only a very wet summer will now provide the necessary amount of water. It is estimated, for example, that in an up-to-date dairy no less than thirty gallons a day are required for each cow, an amount which would probably have sufficed for a whole herd at the beginning of the century. We have provided for the irrigation of vast tracts of our Empire overseas, and it is high time that we turned our attention to our own neglected countryside. Here, one would have thought, was just the problem for the " planners."

The Next Generation

MEANWHILE, the T.U.C. has been so busy lately passing bellicose resolutions against Germany and Italy that it has ignored abuses which a more altruistic body of reformers would certainly have noticed. In the last volume of the survey of London Life published on behalf of the London School of Economics it is authoritatively stated that only about half the children in the London elementary schools enjoy a holiday of a week or more away from London: The N.S.P.C.C. had more

cases of cruelty brought to its notice in 1934 than in any year since the war, namely 44,886 cases involving no less than 109,471 children : a brute who for over a year daily tortured two children aged $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$ is let off with four month's imprisonment. Yet our politicians of all parties, not least the Socialist, are more concerned with the potential sufferings of African savages under Italian rule : but then British children have neither votes nor publicity value.

The truth is that there never was a time when there was so much talk about youth, and when so little was done for it, while pensions even for those in middle age are being advocated. (State pensions for all workers of £1 a week at 60 is a Socialist demand.) The critics of Fascism and National Socialism would, in view of the facts stated above, do well to study what those regimes are doing for the rising generation before they condemn them so fiercely. By all means let us do what we can afford for the aged poor, but both justice and interest demand that the young should not therefore be neglected.

The Population Question

AMONG the many problems discussed at the recent meeting of the British Association none is more important than the question of the population, to which Sir Arnold Wilson very rightly drew attention. The position, according to a recent statement by so eminent an authority as Sir Charles Close, F.R.S., is that between 1921 and 1931 the population of this country increased by 2,000,000, between 1931 and 1941 it will probably increase by about 1,000,000 and after that it will begin to decline. How rapid the rate of decline will be it is impossible to say, but unless there is a complete reversal of present tendencies in legislation it is likely to be very rapid indeed, and the precedent of the Roman Empire drives one to the same conclusion.

In these circumstances, it is not a little disquieting to

find so many schemes for the future being advocated on the premiss that the population is going to increase. Every speech and article on the England of to-morrow is based on this assumption. Yet unless provision is made in advance there will be a crisis of the first magnitude as soon as the first effects of the decline begin to make themselves felt; empty and derelict houses will send down the value of real estate, and the cost of transport and communication will be increased in proportion as there are fewer people requiring such facilities. These are among the many aspects of a problem which will be the most serious that the next generation will have to face.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Cemeteries in this Country mainly operate at a loss, the aggregate of which represents an enormous burden upon the Nation's rates. Also, with the filling up of the Cemeteries there arises the need for further areas of land for burial purposes, difficult to supply in large towns and cities, and representing a further demand upon the resources of the ratepayer.

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Abyssinian Slavery and the League

By Emil Ludwig

IN the seventies of last century a Cardinal made a tour of Europe advocating in fiery speeches the abolition of slavery. There was a succession of banquets and fine orations and the great ones of this world vied with each other in their zeal for reform, but the result was practically nil. At that time slavery in Russia and America had only been abolished for about twenty years, but the abolitionist movement was steadily gaining strength. The fact that there were Christians living in slavery in distant Abyssinia was causing serious perturbation among the heads of the Roman Catholic Church. When a French traveller informed Menelik how European public opinion had been aroused by the Cardinal's propaganda, the Emperor of Ethiopia considered the matter for three days, then issued an edict against the Mohammedan slave merchants. According to this edict even prisoners of war were to be liberated after seven years. A little later Menelik announced the liberation of several thousand slaves.

However, within a year Menelik again permitted his soldiers to reduce prisoners to slavery, and he himself accepted such living presents from his officers. In addition, being in need of the Mohammedan merchants' co-operation in disposing of his gold and ivory, he agreed to shut his eyes to their other activities. At the same time, he could not bring himself to tolerate such immoral practices without deriving a little profit from them himself, so he imposed a tax of two florins per head on the sale of slaves. Menelik considered that by this brainwave he had solved the problem to the complete satisfaction of all concerned.

This state of affairs ought to have undergone a radical change on the day when the nations combined into a League, creating a sort of moral police force whose authority was to be imposed everywhere, without dis-

tinction of race or creed. What, in fact, has the League of Nations done?

On November 9, 1918, when after four years of war the white flag was about to be hoisted over the battle-fields, Menelik's daughter, the Empress of Ethiopia, issued a fresh edict prohibiting the traffic in slaves. But this edict, like her father's, remained a dead letter, for the Ethiopian chieftains in their mountain fastnesses were safe from all supervision on the part of the authorities and merely laughed at the edict which was designed to deprive them of their surest source of revenue. As to the slave dealers, they, too, had their mysterious ways of continuing the illicit traffic with impunity.

But as the prohibition did not relate to the institution of slavery itself, only to slave dealing, and as, on the other hand, all the slave markets were in Arabia, so that the cargoes of "ebony" had to cross the Red Sea, how is it that the European ships, which were certainly more powerful than the boats used by the slave dealers, did not succeed in stopping the latter during the crossing? Would it not have been sufficient to organize a police force charged with the supervision of the two or three Red Sea ports serving as the centres of the slave traffic? Abraham Lincoln in his own country had an infinitely harder task in putting down slavery, yet he succeeded.

While the white races were doing nothing the Empress of Abyssinia learnt from her ambassadors or from travellers that she was not considered a member of civilized society—and at that time it was considered the "thing" at Geneva to "belong." The dusky lady therefore informed the League of Nations that slave trading in Ethiopia had been abolished by a new decree and that slavery itself was in process of suppression, except in war. Good enough—but for the fact that war is the normal state of the country, or nearly so. Did the League reject or at least investigate this statement?

No. It adopted the same attitude on this question as it was later to adopt in connection with disarmament.

It was considered necessary to come to an understanding at all costs with a country that produced ivory, gold and rubber, and to find an equivalent in Ethiopian for that convenient diplomatic adverb " progressively." So instead of shutting Abyssinia out of the League until she abolished slavery, the diplomats tried to find a formula that would render her admission possible. From 1923 until 1931, that is for eight whole years, the experts made every effort—at plenary meetings, at commissions, in reports, speeches and minutes, at lunches and banquets —to find this saving formula. True, a British warship arrested in the middle of the Red Sea a vessel bearing a human cargo composed of castrated men.

But the competent commission of the League of Nations accepted the view of the Abyssinian representative who, in his report, stated that generally speaking " the slaves are not unhappy and are even very well treated." (This in spite of the Foreign Office report describing the hellish existence of the slaves in Ethiopia.)

The commission subsequently recognized that the Abyssinian Government would have run a grave risk in attempting the sudden abolition of slavery, in view of the opposition of the tribal chiefs. The liberation of the slaves, it said, might have had disastrous consequences—precisely the same terms in which the Tsarist minister and the deputies of the Southern States on the eve of the American Civil War expressed themselves.

According to two English authors who have investigated the matter the situation in Abyssinia has become worse since Menelik's death. They estimate the present number of slaves at five millions. One of them, returning to an Abyssinian province after an absence of ten years, found the country almost completely deserted—the entire population had been sold into slavery in foreign countries. At about the same time " the Emperor had received a present of 140 adolescents of both sexes and several young women with their babies."

The League of Nations, which boasts of its Christian

and humanitarian principles, is fully aware of all this. Lady Simon, the wife of the former British Foreign Secretary, recently wrote a courageous book on this subject, yet no one at Geneva is thinking of addressing to the Ethiopian representative the classical question, " Quousque tandem? "

Years pass without any civilized country deciding to take action. While half of an entire race lead the existence of the slaves of ancient Egypt, the commission of the League of Nations is content to issue report after report. The Church " ought " first to create an atmosphere favourable to the abolition of slavery; the priests " ought " to make a start by liberating their own slaves; the Government " would do well " to fix a time limit up to which the liberated slaves should continue to serve their masters; the slave tax " ought " to be increased; children born after 1925 " ought " not to be pressed into slavery. And the reports also contain phrases like the following: " The Commission has examined the question whether warships had a right to search suspicious vessels flying no flag or a strange flag. That right would enable them to find out. . . . The Commission does not claim to be competent to decide such a delicate question, but expresses its keen desire to have the matter investigated."

By no less humanitarian reports it was impressed upon the Abyssinian Government that white Christians must not be trifled with. So it hastened to promulgate a new law, under which anyone selling or offering a slave incurs the same punishment as a professional slave trader, that is to say, practically none, for the slave traders enjoy complete impunity.

However, in order to show at Geneva a concrete result, the Abyssinian representative in 1930 submitted to the League of Nations a memorandum with a list of the names of 298 slaves liberated during the previous year, adding quite seriously that between 1924 and 1930 *hundreds* of slaves had regained their freedom.

This memorandum, unique in its infamy, was translated and printed, and the names of these 298 liberated slaves who in all their lives have never heard themselves addressed otherwise than by the name of Ismet or Marcus, are now recorded with decorative surnames on the files of all the chancelleries. And while these 298 men continue their slightly improved existence, five million others remain shackled with invisible chains which, like the Holy Ghost to whom their masters offer up prayers, sometimes materialize and become real chains of steel.

The waves of the Red Sea are daily ploughed by smart steamers, on the top decks of which the lady passengers take the air of an evening; off Djedda graceful white sails gleam in the night and the officers from the bridge watch them through their telescopes with a smile of approval, then turn away, as though those sailing vessels were of no further interest to them. One day, however, a British warship decided to pursue one of these craft. The latter's captain threw his cargo of slaves overboard, and while the British were engaged in fishing them out, he made his escape. Afterwards, in relating his adventure to his friends, the captain observed: "I can't understand why these foreigners love the slaves so much. In order to save a dozen of them they did not hesitate to let a lovely sailing vessel like mine slip through their fingers."

Some traders berth their vessels along the rocky islands of the Red Sea, hand over their cargo to a colleague who, in turn, transports the slaves to the Hedjaz. Djedda to-day has no slave market, but there is one at Mecca, and hundreds of slaves are taken there disguised as pilgrims.

The League of Nations is fully aware of this traffic and the consuls along the coast of the Arabian Peninsula know the names of all the slave traders. But that does not affect the trade, and it is a lucrative trade, too, for a handsome boy of twelve or a girl of fourteeen will fetch

as much as £120; pregnant women who are likely to regain their good looks after confinement are relatively cheaper, for the price applies to mother and child in a lump sum.

Everyone who has visited Abyssinia knows not only that slavery prevails in the country—that is not denied—but also that slave trading is carried on there, which the Abyssinian authorities strenuously contest. The open markets which up till 1913 were held in the public squares of the capital itself have been replaced by "depots," which are to be found particularly in the province of Arrar, in Northern Abyssinia. In this region entire villages live by the slave trade, or rather on the proceeds of their discretion. Every house on occasion serves as a hiding place, as before the slaves can be despatched across the desert the trader must keep them carefully concealed. The negroes generally lie in pits covered with branches.

On the routes of these tragic caravans lie the dead bodies or bones of those who have fallen by the way. Some of the slaves collapse with exhaustion during the journey, while others—and these are in the majority—succumb to operations of castration carried out by persons who are ignorant not only of surgery, but also of the most elementary principles of hygiene.

The Abyssinian slave traders sometimes carry out raids to the north and south of their country—in the British Kenya and in the Soudan—for the "domestic material" is inadequate. In the year 1927 the number of raids carried out outside Abyssinia during the previous thirteen years was estimated at 139, but there is no doubt whatever that this is far below the true figure. The raids are generally organized by hordes comprising up to 700 men, who break into a province and carry off as many of the inhabitants as they can.

The Abyssinians consider these slave raids all the more justified as in their eyes they are designed to compensate them for Ethiopian slaves who have escaped to

neighbouring countries and whom the British and Italian authorities refuse to give up.

One trader who considered that his interests had been injured by repeated escapes sent the following letter to a British officer at a frontier garrison:

"May the Lord grant you justice. It is the duty of the Government to protect the poor and to help them to keep their property. Now, all the slaves of our districts have gone to Gedaref, and we are ruined, for how can we perform our work now that we are deprived of the labour of our slaves. I am therefore sending my son to you, whom I ask you to help in his search. I thank you ten times. . . ."

For the rest, a request like this, written in an elegant hand in Abyssinian on a scroll and provided with an imposing seal, does not differ in its essence from many a missive drawn up by whites. . . .

Recently an English steamer in the Red Sea, beyond the Farasan Islands, came upon a frail boat with a single passenger. He was worn to a shadow, exhausted, half blind, with no water and only a piece of dry bread in the boat. He had been at the mercy of the waves for four days. He was an Abyssinian, an escaped slave. He was taken on board, handed over to the port authorities, and finally set free. No doubt, at that moment the experts of the League of Nations were still deliberating, expressing their "keen desire" with the consciousness of having performed their duty, or concluding a report on slavery in the following words: "Meanwhile, it would be desirable if the Great Powers . . ."

Victor Hugo

By Maurice Baring

THE people of one country are often at variance as to who is their greatest representative in a particular branch of action or art of a particular period or epoch. But the outside world, the whole world that is to say, settles those questions for itself. Without doubt or hesitation; *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Englishmen will argue as to who is the greatest English novelist of the nineteenth century; some saying Thackeray, perhaps, or others Thomas Hardy; some used to say Meredith; but the whole world says, with one voice, Dickens. This is true about Victor Hugo. The world acclaims him as the greatest French poet and the most important French writer of the nineteenth century. Some English critics have said that he is the greatest poet of the Nineteenth Century in any country. Some French critics may think the world wrong; they may point out that Balzac was a greater creative novelist, Stendal a profounder psychologist, Lamartine more serenely poetical; Vigny the builder of a loftier rhyme; Musset and Verlaine more spontaneously lyrical; Gautier a more impeccable artist; but the world will not heed them. The world will say that Victor Hugo towers above the rest.

The world echoes and endorses the verdict of Théodore de Banville's ballade:

> Gautier parmi ces joailliers
> Est prince, et Leconte de Lisle
> Forge l'or dans ses ateliers;
> Mais le père est là-bas, dans l'île.

Victor Hugo is the *père* of the French writers of the nineteenth century.

The countries of Europe are unanimous in their verdict. *Les Misérables* is not only known to every English schoolboy, but it was recorded by a Governor of Dartmoor prison that it was the most popular book among the convicts, who called it "Less miserable."

When I was in Central Russia, near Tambov, in the

years 1906–8, a Schoolmaster in the village of Sosnofka told me that *Les Misérables* was one of the most, if not the most, popular books among such peasants who could read. The greatest rival was the prose-translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

Les Misérables has been translated into all languages, enjoyed by all races, dramatised on the stage, and is now starting on a new lease of life on the screen of the cinematograph. What is the secret of this book's extraordinary, lasting and world-wide popularity? It is not Victor Hugo's best work, even in prose. It is certainly inferior as a work of art to *Notre Dame de Paris.* I think the reason is that the author was not only a story-teller who could capture and excite the attention of a multitude of readers and hold them spellbound in delighted suspense, but he was also a great poet: one of those poets who opens the eyes of his readers on to far and marvellous horizons and touches their hearts with the sense of mortal things.

Victor Hugo's two greatest gifts were vision and pathos: pity. Pity for those whom Dostoyevsky, a disciple of Victor Hugo's, called the oppressed and the afflicted. Let us first of all consider his vision. It is of two kinds: he could have said, like Byron, "description is my forte"; he had a clear eye for describing things as they were in the most striking and direct manner: *choses vues.* Eckermann, when he was discussing Victor Hugo's verse with Goethe, praised the French poets for never abandoning the solid ground of reality. "You can translate," he said, "their poetry into prose."

Victor Hugo in his verse could tread firmly on the ground of reality: nobody could call up a clearer picture of the landscape in fewer words, for instance:

"Le navire était noir, mais la voile était blanche".

or

"Vite à tire-d'ailes
Oh! c'est triste de voir s'enfuir les hirondelles!
Elles s'en vont là-bas vers le midi doré."

But Victor Hugo could deal not only with the aspects of nature simply and directly, but he found his way in the forests and on the mountain-tops of imagination. It is then we get descriptions such as the fight with the octopus in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, or stanzas such as the famous:

> " Tout reposait dans Ur et dans Jérémadeth,
> Les astres émaillaient le ciel profond et sombre;
> Le croissant fin et clair parmi les fleurs d'ombre
> Brillait à l'occident, et Ruth se demandait,
>
> Immobile, Ouvrant l'oeil à moitié sous ses voiles,
> Quel dieu, quel moissonneur de l'éternel été
> Avait en s'en allant négligemment jété
> Cette faucille d'or dans le champ dés étoiles."

In reading stanzas like this we are conscious of something more than descriptive power and more than the choice of right words; an inner vision, a divine alchemy that touches words and changes them into more than mortal gold: a vision that does more than see things; that sees beyond and behind the meaning of things and peers into the secret workshop of God.

It is to this two-fold gift of vision, combined as it is with an unrivalled command and richness of vocabulary, an unsurpassed facility of rhyming and versification, and verbal music and the gift of pouring out great lines—" vers de haut vol, de ceux que le génie trouve et que le talent ne fabrique jamais": to such lyrics as the *Chanson d'Eviradnus* or to *Booz Endormi* which I have quoted from, or to such single lines as:

> " Les grands chars gémissants qui reviennent le soir "

or

> " Des avalances d'or s'écroulent dans l'azur ",

that Victor Hugo owes his place as the greatest French poet of the nineteenth century. Other poets of genius wrote poems and lines as beautiful as these from time to time, but Victor Hugo did it constantly. He did it constantly

and he did it so well that he swallowed up his own defects. His defects are easy to point out: over-emphasis, exaggeration, frequent lapses from the sublime to the ridiculous. Some critics have regretted that he survived the publication of his early books of lyrics. Verlaine, in an article on his death, says it is a pity he didn't die in 1844, and will not admit that he wrote more than one good lyric "Gastibelza": but Victor Hugo was a giant: his work is on the scale that transcends place and time. He is big enough to snap his fingers, not only at the catchwords of schools, cliques and coteries, but at the shibboleths and the whirligig of literary fashion. His work has triumphantly survived the shifting moods of many epochs: three revolutions, an empire, and two great wars. A poet cares very little if he is abused by a small coterie of young men in an obscure café, when his work is read from China to Peru, and from India to the Pole.

The changes of fashion matter little to one who appeals to the great public of many countries, because this public is serenely unconscious that such changes are taking place. They read to enjoy and not because such and such an author is the fashion. Victor Hugo can afford to stumble, for he has strength in him to recover and gallop on for ever over the plains of time, as Belloc says about Shakespeare and Milton.

This accounts indeed for his fame and place in France, where the public enjoys good verse, but it does not account for his wider influence, nor for his popularity, say, in England, Italy or Russia. I maintain that Victor Hugo exerted this influence and enjoyed this popularity, not only because he had the gift of telling a story well and of amusing the public, and a sense of drama, both on and off the stage, but because he was a poet; and even those people who never knew and never will know a word of French are conscious of his poetic gift, of his imagination, and his inspiration. When they read of the fight between the man and the octopus in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*,

or the scene when the gun breaks loose on the deck of the ship in *Quatre Vingt Treize*, or the love story of Cozette, or the description of the cathedral bells pealing, or of Quasimodo's last encounter with Clause Frollo in the tower in *Notre Dame de Paris*, they are aware of a poet's spell. And it is the magic of the most powerful kind of poetry: the poetry which not only enchants the ear and dazzles the mind, but touches the heart. This is Victor Hugo's second great gift, his pathos, his pity, his sense of tears. It is a gift which often great poets lack: for instance, Milton never touched the heart of a reader, least of all when he wrote an elegy on a dead friend perfect as it is—although it might bring tears to the eyes by the sheer beauty of its phrases; nor did an equally great artist, Leopardi. Nor the Leconte de Lisle. But there are other poets, beginning with Homer, and Virgil (who not only possessed this gift, but defined it once and for all when he wrote:

"Sunt lachrymae rerum; et mentam mortalia tangunt;")

there are other poets, I say, such as Burns, Byron, Heine, Beranger, Verlaine, Lermontov, who will pierce the heart not only of the connoisseur in the art of writing and the lover of verse, but of the average man, and make him cry by the manner in which he expresses his sense of mortal things. The culmination of this gift, this potent pathos with intense poetic vision, infinite command of the instrumentation of poetical vocabulary, a sense of drama and the power of sustained narrative, is so rare that it has only happened two or three times in the history of the world: but when it does happen, when a writer does possess this combination of gifts, the response on the part of the public is not only immediate but universal. The fame of such a poet who has at his command a lyre of such a kind will go far beyond the frontiers of his native country and break all bonds of time and place. His works will be read in the crofts of the Scottish Isles, in the furthest Hebrides; in the

wooden izbas of Russian or Siberian villages; in the elegant pagodas of Chinese mandarins, on board formidable men-of-war and little sailing ships; beneath tropical skies, in the sands of the desert; or in stifling forests; by the young and the old; by soldiers, sailors, travellers, merchants, adventurers, statesmen, politicians, priests, tinkers, tailors, ploughboys and thieves. His verse will always be on the lips of the young, and his books in prose will be most deeply enjoyed and most highly prized by the sad, the desolate and the oppressed, who in the books of Victor Hugo will not only "behold a land of far distances", but will meet with the pressure of a fraternal hand and listen to the beating of a heart that is as great as the world.

The Evolution of the Corporate State

By Luigi Villari

THE development of Italy in the last few years is something more than a mere change in the form of government, and its political evolution is but one aspect of a much deeper change, which is spreading in one form or another to many other countries besides Italy.

The idea of what is known as the Corporate State did not, of course, arise fully armed out of Signor Mussolini's head, like Minerva out of that of Jove, but has been a slow growth, subject to modification, correction and expansion, according to the results of experience. It began with the creation of a new type of workers' organizations, but has developed into a new conception of the whole body politic.

The pre-war workers' organizations in Italy were at first mostly Socialist in character and grouped under the Socialistic General Confederation of Labour. After the war they became ever more closely associated with the Socialist and even the Communist parties, whose leaders exploited them for their own political revolutionary purposes. There were also Catholic trade unions, which were less revolutionary in their aims, but often differed little from the Red organizations in methods and practice. Both groups came to constitute a privileged class, for a comparatively small percentage of the workers were unionized, a minority with interests divorced from those of the country as a whole, who often took orders from international organizations outside Italy inspired by considerations which had nothing to do with those of the Italian people as a whole.

When the Fascist movement first arose in March, 1919, its objects were almost exclusively political; it was essentially a reaction against the revolutionary truculence

of the Reds, defeatism, disorder, and anarchy. But it was soon obvious that what was more important was to eliminate the spirit behind sedition, the state of chronic confusion and timidity on the part of the ruling class which made sedition possible. For this purpose it was necessary to secure the support of the masses for the work of national reconstruction and to give them what they really needed, and not what a few leaders thought that they needed. Among the agricultural classes the acquisition of land either as property or as rented or half-share farms must be promoted, in industry regularity of employment, in both cases a method of settling labour disputes without constant recourse to strikes and to the holding up of production must be devised, and a system of labour organization which considered the interests of the whole nation and not only those of a limited class was urgently required.

Before the war there had been only one labour organization free from the taint of revolutionary internationalism, and that was the Unione Italiana del Lavoro, founded by Filippo Corridoni, a really sincere Socialist who understood the needs of the workers and wished to raise their moral and spiritual level as well as their material conditions, and who was also a patriot. When Italy intervened in the war he at once volunteered for service, although his bad health would have entitled him to exemption, and he fell in action in 1916. Mussolini has always regarded him as one of the precursors of Fascist syndicalism. During the war Edmondo Rossoni, an Italian working man who had spent some years in the United States and had been in close touch with the American Federation of Labour, founded what he called a patriotic revolutionary labour union to unite the workers in an effort to reconstruct the industrial life of the nation. When the first Fascio was founded in March, 1919, Rossoni associated himself with Mussolini, and proceeded to organize the workers in syndicates on a patriotic basis. These organizations followed a line parallel to

that of the more purely political Fasci and soon spread to many parts of the country. Rossoni's first conception was that the ideal type of organization was a mixed syndicate comprising both employers and workers, a conception foreshadowed as early as May, 1914, by Professor Alfredo Rocco (late Minister of Justice) in an article in the *Idea Nazionale* of Rome. It was a historical re-evocation of the Italian corporations or guilds of the Middle Ages, and, in fact, Rossoni proposed to call these syndicates "corporations." The basic idea was to prevent or attenuate conflicts between capital and labour and insist on the common interest of both in the progress and prosperity of industry. Mussolini himself had always insisted, even in his Socialist days, that the working masses of Italy could never be really prosperous unless the country as a whole were prosperous. Italy was poor in natural resources and economic development, and rich only in her active and intelligent population. There was not much likelihood that the working classes of other countries, even if they were Socialists, would go out of their way to help their Italian fellow-workers, so that these must try to collaborate with all the other classes of Italy for the common good.

Eight days before the foundation of the first Fascio (March 23, 1919), a strike had broken out at the Dalmine engineering works near Bergamo, where the workers instead of the red flag raised the Tricolor over the buildings, and declared that they would continue to work in the national interest for the benefit of the Italian people. Mussolini realized the importance of this manifestation and stressed it in a speech. At the Milan meeting of March 23 the syndical question was not raised directly, as the more urgent problem was the political one. But a few weeks later Mussolini stated in an interview that "we want the people to be morally and economically great in a great nation; it is not through the dictatorship of shop politicians that one works for the working masses."

At first the mixed syndicates began to spread and did

some useful work. But it soon appeared that the system presented many drawbacks, and the employers were reluctant to enter them, as they feared they would be overwhelmed by the larger numbers of the working-class members. So Rossoni and his lieutenants proceeded to create purely workers' syndicates, while the employers remained in their own organizations, which, however, often assumed a Fascist character. The two sets of organizations collaborated with each other and soon succeeded in settling a number of labour disputes on an amicable basis satisfactory to both sides. In the agricultural field large numbers of small holdings were secured for the labourers without confiscation of the property of the landowners, but by mutual agreement. Strikes were not yet definitely banned, but their numbers rapidly decreased. In 1919 there had been 1,871 strikes, with over 1,500,000 strikers and a loss of 22,213,000 working days, and in 1920 the figures were 2,070, 2,313,000 and 30,570,000. In 1921, when the Fascist syndicates were beginning to operate, the figures fell to 1,134, 7,238,000, and 8,110,000, in 1922, the year in which the Fascist régime came into being they were 575, 422,000, and 6,916,000. In 1923 the numbers were still smaller, and by 1925 they had become negligible.

Similarly the other trade unions, Socialist and Catholic, although they continued to exist side by side with the Fascist ones, rapidly lost membership and authority, and masses of their members, sometimes whole unions, went over to the new organizations. Thus we find the General Confederation of Labour, which in 1920 had a nominal membership of 2,200,000, was reduced in 1921 to 1,218,000, in 1922 to 400,000, and in 1925 to 200,000; the Catholic Confederation of workers likewise declined from 1,250,000 in 1920 to 597,000 in 1922, and to 180,000 in 1925. On the other hand, the membership of the Fascist syndicates rose from 250,000 in January, 1922, to 450,000 in June of the same year, to half a million by the end of the year, and to 857,000 by the end of 1924. After which date

they increased by leaps and bounds, as we shall see presently. It had been the rapid growth of the Fascist syndicates early in 1922 which made the general strike of August 1, 1922, proclaimed by an alliance of the various Red organizations and parties, abortive.

No attempt was made at first to co-ordinate the whole system, but D'Annunzio's "Carta del Carnaro" of September, 1920, that strange semi-mystical constitution for Fiume, contains certain declarations which were afterwards to be embodied in the Corporate State; the citizens were in fact to be grouped in a number of corporations, work was exalted, private property recognized, but as implying duties. At the Bologna syndical congress on January 24, 1922, it was resolved to constitute a series of national corporations covering all the chief occupations and grouped under a central organ, the Italian Federation of Corporations, conforming with the programme and principles of the Fascist Party. The Congress declared that all those who devote themselves to work calculated to create, perfect and increase all that contributes to the material, moral and spiritual well-being of man are to be regarded as workers. Here we have two innovations in the syndical idea—that the workers' unions must promote the improvement of production, and that brain workers, clerks, civil servants, professional men, etc., are all treated as real workers, thereby eliminating to a large extent class distinctions.

The syndicates were thus grouped in five corporations (industrial labour, agricultural labour, commerce, merchant seamen, and the middle and professional classes). But these corporations were not like the corporations of the present day, shortly to be described, but more in the nature of labour confederations. Edmondo Rossoni was appointed general secretary of the Confederation of Corporations, and for some years was practically the leader of the whole Fascist labour movement.

After the establishment of the Fascist régime in October, 1922, the importance of the Fascist syndicates

was greatly enhanced, and the headquarters of the National Confederation were transferred from Bologna to Rome. Its council now began to study the problem of bringing the system more definitely into the framework of the State. At a meeting at the Palazzo Chigi, under the auspices of the Prime Minister on December 21, 1923, a resolution was voted that, while the principle of uncompromising hostility between employers and workers was definitely repudiated, the General Confederation of Industry, under which the employers' unions were grouped, and the Confederation of Fascist Corporations should organize the manufacturers and the workers, respectively, in order to collaborate for the common good, and it was agreed that a permanent mixed committee of five members for each group should be appointed to effect this collaboration, which was definitely to substitute the conception of mixed syndicates. Other special committees were appointed *ad hoc* to deal with particular disputes. By the end of the year the membership of the Fascist labour syndicates had grown to 857,000, and 107 collective labour contracts had been negotiated by them. At another meeting in Rome in May, 1924, it was agreed that associations based on class war and internationalism and professing to ignore the interests of the nation should not be permitted to take part in negotiating collective contracts. This did not by any means exclude collaboration with international organizations, but the latter were not to dictate the policy of the Italian ones. By the end of 1924 the membership of the Fascist syndicates had grown to 1,776,000.

The next phase was the so-called Pact of the Palazzo Vidoni, concluded on October 2, 1925, whereby the General Confederation of Industry and the Confederation of Fascist Corporations agreed to recognize each other as the sole representatives of the two categories, and it was laid down that all contractual relations between the two should be conducted by the representatives of the respective organizations. This was, of course, the death-

blow to the non-Fascist labour unions, who continued to eke out a precarious existence for some years more, but without authority or importance. We have in this agreement the spiritual substratum of the fundamental syndical law of 1926, whose main provisions were, in fact, foreshadowed soon after in a resolution of the Fascist Grand Council.

The law of April 3, 1926, placed the whole system of labour and employers' organizations on a new and definitely legal basis. The syndical corporations disappear. The syndicates in each town are grouped under a local federation, while the individual syndicates of particular trades are also grouped under trade federations covering a province, a group of provinces, or the whole country. The employers' unions are similarly grouped under their own federations. Then the workers' syndicates of all kinds are grouped in six General Confederations, and those of the employers in six others, while the professional men and intellectual workers form a 13th Confederation. The co-operative societies have an organization of their own outside the Confederations, but they make use of the latter for the negotiation of collective contracts.

The Confederations co-ordinate all syndical activities, legally represent all employers and workers, ensure discipline in the working of the system, etc. The syndicates receive legal recognition provided that they conform with the regulations laid down by law, fulfil the functions assigned to them, which comprise not only the defence of the interests of their members, but the improvement of production through technical education, provident activities, moral and political training, assistance of all forms and the encouragement of saving. Any worker or employer is eligible for membership, unless he is of definitely bad antecedents, and it is by no means necessary for him to be a member of the Fascist party. The officers are elected or chosen according to the rules laid down by each syndicate, but they must be confirmed by

the local or central authorities who, as a matter of fact, seldom fail to confirm the elections or appointments made by the organizations. Legal recognition may be suspended or revoked where a syndicate acts *ultra vires* or makes improper use of its funds.

As the recognized syndicates represent all persons in a particular trade or locality, and defend the interests of all, all the workers or employers in that trade or locality are expected to pay their contributions, which in the case of a worker corresponds to about one day's wages per annum, and for employers are calculated somewhat differently. Registered members, who alone are eligible for the offices, and can shape the policy of the syndicate, pay some extra fees. Special schools have been created to train young men to act as secretaries of the syndicates.

By the same law of 1926 strikes and lock-outs are declared illegal. Just as in all civilized societies, private individuals who deem themselves wronged are not entitled to take the law into their own hands, but must have recourse to the law courts, similarly under the Fascist system, classes and groups of workers or employers are not permitted to hold up production to the prejudice not merely of their opponents in a labour dispute, but of the community at large, and they, too, must go before the law courts. For individual disputes the ordinary courts are competent, whereas for collective disputes which cannot be settled by the ordinary means of conciliation, special labour courts have been set up composed both of ordinary judges and experts in labour and production problems. Persons promoting, organizing or even taking part in strikes are subject to penalties, while those who refuse to abide by the awards of the courts are more heavily punished. As a matter of fact, the number of cases which have come before the labour courts is comparatively small, whereas the cases settled by conciliation, and the collective labour contracts run into thousands. The law punishing strikes or lock-outs has

very seldom been applied. Collective labour contracts, when published, have the force of law and are applicable to all persons and associations within the district or trade concerned.

On April 21, 1927, the Labour Charter was issued by the Grand Council. It is not a law, but the expression of a juridical tendency on labour matters and a set of guiding principles for the drafting of collective contracts.

The next problem was how to bring the two sets of syndicates and unions together, and co-ordinate the whole corporative system. A new Government Department, the Ministry of Corporations, was set up to deal with the political and legislative aspects of the problem (it also took over some of the functions of the suppressed Ministry of National Economy). But a more direct organization was wanted, and this was to take shape of the corporations. Before the corporations themselves were created a body known as the National Council of Corporations was set up in 1930 to hold the balance, in the interest of the State, i.e. of the community at large or the consumer, between the conflicting interests of capital and labour. It was divided into sections, each of which corresponded to a pair of General Confederations (one of workers and one of employers), and on each of which the confederations in question as well as various Government departments, were represented while the chairman was either the Prime Minister or the Minister of Corporations. One of its duties was to decide between the possibly conflicting interests of different branches of production and economic life, such as, say, agriculture and industry, or industry and banking, or commerce and communications, always on behalf of the community as a whole.

Finally, by the law of 1934 the corporations proper were set up. They do not correspond exactly to the sections of the Council, but are based on productive cycles, and each one deals with a particular branch of economic activity in all its phases—capital and labour, production, wholesale and retail trade, etc. The cor-

porations have advisory powers on all matters concerning the branch of production with which they are concerned, their advice being given at the request of the competent public department; they also act as organs of conciliation for labour disputes, issue regulations in connection with apprenticeship contracts and for the discipline of economic relations and for unifying production, and they advise on the fixing of wages and prices for consumers' goods offered to the public in conditions of privilege. Each corporation has a council composed of representatives of the employers, and the workers (in equal numbers) selected from the different branches of the industry or trade concerned, with a chairman who is a cabinet Minister (at present the Prime Minister is chairman of all the corporations, but he may delegate his powers to an Under-Secretary), and a number of representatives of the various Government departments and of the Fascist party on behalf of the public.

There remains the question of the relations between the corporate system and Parliament, which is the most important of all, but has not yet been definitely worked out. At first, as we have seen, the syndical (not yet corporative) system was only concerned with questions of capital and labour; then it extended to improvement of production, technical education, etc. Now it was to be grafted on to the political organization. By the law of 1928 candidates to Parliament are nominated by the thirteen Confederations (now reduced to nine), and by certain other bodies, such as the National Co-operative Institute, the ex-Service Men's Association, the Universities, the Teachers' Association, etc. Out of the 1,000 names thus presented the Grand Council, a body composed of the Cabinet, some of the Under-Secretaries, the Secretary of the Fascist party, and a certain number of other prominent citizens selected by the Prime Minister, chooses 400, and these are submitted to the electorate as a whole. If the list secures more than half the number of votes recorded it is returned *en bloc*; if not, a new elec-

tion is held under the system of proportional representation. It is, indeed, more of a plebiscite than an ordinary election, and the citizen expresses thereby his approval or disapproval of the policy of the Government as a whole. The nomination by the Confederations and the other bodies named gives the Chamber of Deputies a corporative background, but it is not yet a truly corporative Chamber. The system is being watched to see how it operates, and it will undoubtedly undergo further modifications in course of time. According to one scheme the Chamber of Deputies and the Council of Corporations will be blended into one and the citizen will vote within his corporation, so that the deputies will be the direct representatives of the corporations. According to another there will be two Chambers, one for political and another for economic questions, but it is difficult to see how the two can be definitely distinguished. The Senate has up to the present remained unchanged, and its members are appointed for life by the King on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, who may select them from certain categories of citizens, according to the provisions of the Constitution of 1848. But undoubtedly Parliament will in some form or other be merged into the Corporate State, which means that all occupations, all forms of economic, professional and intellectual life will be directly represented, and that a large class of citizens, accustomed to dealing with public affairs, whether in the small local workers' syndicate or in the Confederation of landowners or of manufacturers, will constitute the future governing class. It is the building up of this class which is the final object of Signor Mussolini's policy, so that he can leave as his inheritance a State ruled and administered not by innumerable men in the street or professional politicians, but by men who have had sound practical experience in some branch of productive activity. The dictatorship is thus incidental and not essential to the system, and has only come into being because there happened to be a man of great driving power and political genius whom the

people trusted and to whom they delegated their powers during the period of reconstruction and transition.

The system is not by any means complete nor perfect, and day by day and month by month it is being altered, added to and improved. Mussolini and his collaborators have purposely proceeded slowly and have not hesitated to amend dispositions which proved unsatisfactory. There are no doubt still criticisms to be made—it is alleged in some quarters that the system is rather too bureaucratic, that it is too uniform in view of the varying conditions of the different parts of the country, that the division of authority between the different departments is not always clearly defined and sometimes leads to overlapping. But to claim, as many foreign critics claim, either that the Corporative State does not exist except on paper, or that it has been devised with no other object than to protect the privileged capitalists and the aristocracy, and to grind down the working classes is sheer nonsense, even if such statements appear in the most highbrow dailies and weeklies, or in ponderous terms by Levantism writers connected with the London School of Economics.

The Chinese Solution

By John Warwick Nind Smith, formerly the Professor of Education in the University of Hong Kong.

[*Mr. Han Lih-Wu, my very dear friend, has been for many years a correspondent of the Chinese paper* Min Pao, *and others; his task, self-imposed, to express the English and, though not so much, the American points of view: together with their deep political motives.*

He has suffered greatly in his own country for this, and, though one of the first and certainly the most enduring disciples of Sun Yat Sen and his doctrines, has been accused of anti-Chinese sentiments.

With my left hand upon the ivory rattle which he silently placed in my son's hand on his last visit to our house, and with his portrait facing me, I have again endeavoured to express in the British Press the Chinese thought.

Dr. Wu Chao Chiu said to me in Canton in March, 1926, *"It is strange we have to suffer so for expressing a double truth. But you will do it."*

There is a propaganda of mutual reconciliation by means of sympathetic thought exchanged, as there is the real-politik of strongest union in mutual independence. May I have contributed.—J. W. N. S.]

IN the spring a man goes to love, in the period before the summer he loves, in the summer he fights, in the autumn he thinks of children, and in the wintertime he rests.

The Chinese People thinks horoscopically as well as seasonally: he, the Chinese, is sure that his heart reflects the Universe.

The correspondences of his soul are the correspondences of the Universe. The points of the compass are the points of wisdom. He will be buried according to their correspondence on his day of passing to his proper soul-point in the Universe. There he will be what such a soul-point has to contain; in it he will be China still.

He was born from that soul-point to another soul-point. By leaving the Law of Heaven for a "bitter hour", every second of which he enjoys to the possible fullest, he "lives" to learn the significance of the correspondence.

Pain, even, is a soul-point. A good one it must be, because it is so different. He is learning in experience: he laughs—It is amusing that things can be "so different."

He is (in fact) a soul in China. Other peoples do not know the timing and the times. They are non-existent in reality. They live nowhere.

The Chinese do not hate foreigners. They regard them as non-existent.

Thus when, by war defeated at the hands and guns of foreigners, they are experiencing humiliation, Humanity is experiencing humiliations; but China is the meaning of all this. Two vantage-points are in meeting. Two constellations inapt must be bound together. The Chinese know it is their constellations forming cause and "the effect." China is progressing. "Their bravery meeting the foreigner is of no account": that is all.

So Chinese defeat is experience, and in its way—the only significant way—a victory.

Such a People will do what it likes.

"There is no teleology. Things happen as they do.

"The Chinese Political Situation is over-written."

The Chinese soul stands and the world passes: this is how a man walks. If he rides, he and the horse—now a man, with a man's intelligence, for we ride—are passed at greater speeds by the earth and the stars.

"The houses are passing," the Rickshaw Boy thinks as he legs onward: my home is coming to me.

The legs go round, but the universe stands still. Only desires emerge to join the man. So he works.

It is the only way to work.

His heart bursts. He is defeated. The coffin will be joined to his body.

Every Chinese is an artist, and his soul is motary: not Cubist.

Such a people, politically, is hard to gauge.

What would happen did the " world " of people fall under their constellation? . . .

* * *

China would marry the world: that is all.

3

The Chinese Revolution has reformed the whole life of China.

Economically, it is at a standstill: but in political organization it progresses. By this I mean that it is absorbing more and more the life of the people. " The livelihood of the People " was Sun Yat Sen's " slogan " in matters economic.

China has had " slogans " for everything.

Observing the Scotch, they have realized the determination behind that word. It is a Chinese word now.

So, everything in a slogan.

It is the sign of determination to be determined . . . the Chinese never wanted to be determined about it, or anything else—

The " long dream," which the Europeans regret, they regret also. But Feudal Landlordism—which is at the back, once more, of a people's change (far more than any " foreign interventionism "), has long ago sickened China of a dream they could never realize.

The pompadourism of the 18th century penetrated there, when the Manchus, foreign already, went more foreign than before: and China stands by Sun Yat Sen's revolution because of, not in spite of, the dream of having all, which Hovelaque and the Western artistic idealists, men like Sir R. Johnston, yet " look from full tables to behold realized again."

To study the Art of China is to see there the world reflected in its fashions, and China the mirror of the world.

To-day, China developes in disintegration, in confusion, proportionately as the world outside goes to war.

Every deep student of world-economic and of world-political forces and movements, knows well that out of China's confusion develops the super-Balkan-situation.

Behind Germany's "drang nach Osten" lay the Kaiser's anti-Japanese campaign of older years.

Germany joined Japan (as the Austrians never have) because of finding there the mathematical positive on which Germanism must always grow.

So to Germany Japan owes an army, and to Austria many opponents: so Feudalism wilted at the hands of a Gallens and of a Bauer, and Germany is divided in China now perpetually, and is divided internally.

4

China is the world's largest market of to-morrow: and will never be a market at all—now.

They are ten years of bitter war and diplomatic peril past the time of joining.

And if this seems an invitation to the world who refused to "come and join our shop" (President Wong Ching-wai in Canton, January, 1925) to come and "force open the doors of China" again, the day is past when a project thirty thousand times (in men) and ten thousand times (in distances) more difficult, more ruinous than Addis Ababa, can ever be undertaken again.

So we are left with a market which is not a market, and a people in whose personality now the hatred of foreigners for China is a fact proved, in denials of justice and denials of reason.

We are left with Manchuria in the hands of the Japanese: and although, when I say that, Manchuria is not plainly so important as was Shantung, nevertheless "when Japan has triumphed, England may go"; and it is to Manchuria. *If Japan consents. But may go* to China, never so as in the past. Because the Chinese now know Manchuria as "the foreign concession" (even, Chinese Christians accordingly tend to migrate there: but of Christianity, more anon).

The Chinese say that the war is lost. For their Manchuria is gone.

It was rich, and it is gone.

But never will it be remembered except as "the lightning that forsook us." [Manchurian lighting is powerful and symbolic.] And in China the people wait now for new aggressions.

But what does all this portend?

Far be it from me to be seemingly poetic: but all of China's being responds to one last call.

It is for Sun-Yat-Senism.

Because Sun Yat Sen alone saw and knew *how easy it was to cut asunder from the West.*

And if it is possible to prophecy, in China, as to trade, it is possible also to prophecy as to war. . . .

War is the Chinese Trade, and was long ago known as such there.

Far be it from me to deny what the books on China have written, and full seemingly with truth: but

"China thrives on war" is their own idea—

Now, the reason why "China thrives on war" is simply this: that after love comes war.

Pik Wen Ha, the famous Chinese dancer, once danced a dance for the European theatre in Hong Kong: the sword dance, the hatred of the Foreigner. It is a dance for a dying king defeated. It is the Song Of The Victory: for it "enhances the spirit of the Dead." It is Ancestor-worship in its perfect form: for the lady dies for her beloved. She "dies like a swan with the sword in her heart." Her own claws have broken her. She is beauty before China, her Lord. "Such is China," she said as she left the stage after.

Such is China. The Chinese die for love. They have seen love as death. Therefore they are a nation of soldiers . . . but in face of their defeats? . . . Their defeats matter nothing: they are fighting for love of their people. . . .

the old man, the King, in the play is Kathleen

Nihoulihan of China. He is Liberty: he is restraint: Confucius the King, China the beloved, the air of gold and the sea of gold, and golden faces lit up by suns of gold. He is China. . . .

she will die for Him.

the machine-guns of the foreigner are in the hands of Japanese. Manchuria will die . . . the monkeys triumph . . . the Moon is on China, . . . Yes: but the Sun is on the Flag of Sun Yat Sen. . . .

it is not in tears, not in the bursting bodies: not the mourning women of China, so many more, so starving too—so far more terrible than the Mourning Women of Serbia . . . it is not in these.

For the "Lord That Looks On" is Chinese war. The "people of the many complaints" have ceased complaining now. . . .

Chinese Law differs from western law. They judge, in China . . . we in China judge by the equity, we judge to reconcile. We, the Chinese, judge so. . . .

You, the European, do not understand: we plead for pity, even when we can quote Right. . . . The Judge sits. He judges. His it is to reconcile. He would be the Peacemaker. The Chinese never argue. They "put cases to reconcile." They reconcile them, After. For "After" is a great word; it must be spelt with a capital. . . . It must be so, Law is such; in China. . . .

But to England we behave in like manner—We "squeal." . . . *No.* We appeal to your emotions. For out of emotions comes reconciliation, and only from them . . . so you misunderstood us . . . the Boxer Treaty . . . the War . . . Bocca . . . the Bund . . . Wei-sien, Canton, Shakee, Peking, Tsinan, Wuhan.

we see.

Ma Chan San: Chiang: . . .

We know it, as they said and did.

That is our Emotion, now. . . .

5

That is China in war.

Can anything prevent the drift? I say "prevent" conscientiously. Can anything, that is, block the issue?

It is a question.

China will be strong one day: so strong that only fire applied to seven million people will block their attack.

That drench of their first line will doubtless cause them to pause till more men are recruited.

But can it go on forever?

He who has war in his heart shall never cease: for he is eternal: he is not the Soldier who falls (and many women Cadets have fallen, and many more will fall . . . one day they "come equal with the men in recruitment") . . . it is the Old Man, who never falls, the King . . . so back to the "Theatre": it is there they find their glory

"Can we not give China another theatre, another, a less agonised, or less glorious, show?" . . . it is not impossible the West may do so. It is not impossible that Japan *must* do so. It is not impossible. . . .

"but why? Why worry?" and there it stops. . . .

* * *

In a day they lost two thousand and in the night they were born . . . so China speaks. And in the night come many figures: figures of the abased, the humble, the abject . . . down the street of the soul flowing. They come to be justified.

Down the street, down the street, down the street, the drum of the Revolution of Canton, the drum of the People, and in the passing of the People the drum. It sounds in the morning, and guns are polished. It sounds again.

So in the People of China is their war. And the drum is beaten in trade, too, in the heart. For there is War.

* * *

The Chinese situation, then, resembles a pot boiling: for it is ever on the turn; and in the European agony of the next years, when men are looking to China, even in sympathy sometimes—then China will suddenly boil over.

So all is lost:

Trade, everything, goes by the board, and China stands alone again. Such are her gigantic émeutes.

It has happened in the past: no student of China, no man during our lifetime interested there, but can point to such happenings: and to-day there are more to come.

"*For in China are many, and the world is few*":

It is the belief of China, and the world cannot alter it, "if in China there is only a handful of men left, they can make their power felt against *them*."

6

So in China to-day we see exemplified a people—*the* people—of the misgiving.

They believe neither in themselves nor in other people.

Alone they did it: in all their weakness, and agonies, they faced the world with a proposition: "Do you wish to be our friends?": the world replied "no. We would be generous. We would give, even. But our unequal treaties hold good, our unequal conduct is the explanation of our superiority. Accept it."

China refused.

And to-day the Chinese stand browbeaten: but sincere in one thing, the respect of their dead.

We return to the Chinese Picture, the Chinese horoscope.

Painted upon the horoscope in flames we read "The Closing Door": and if the door closes the dream continues.

China will dream on. In her youth is the future: and may be in her future is a closing of the door on

"Western Imperialism," on the power of the stronger, on the "better faith," on Christianity, even.

But in the people of China is something which never left them. It is the Religion of Jesus in Confucianism.

They distinguish this from the Churches, or even from the results in China of the "Christians'" acceptance of a doctrine unknown to them really: for had they known it, would they have been emulous for power, prestige, failing authority in other peoples?

Such is the Chinese doctrine. It is the fourth part of what was designed for the San Min Chin.

It is part of Sun's doctrine. For "the doctor enters heaven in denial of Jesus: as we, under Heaven, are the Law."

Song and Sight

By Humbert Wolfe

LISTEN, and be persuaded! I preach no godhead,
but in the sensible veins that feed the heart,
and carry the blood back to the thirsty skin,
I have refound the secret that I had lost,
and that all lose when they begin to suffer
that lamentable truce with agony,
the long and shameful armistice, that leads
to the acceptance of disgraceful peace.
So I was waiting for death without reprieve,
having lived and seeing no further goal for life;
having thought, and found the edges of my mind,
having loved, and being beggared of delight.
Day follows day then with no noise or comment,
where birds resort to try their airs again,
or where the larger music of the wind
starts its wide prelude to the old sonata
that is for ever unfinished and unguessed.
A man lives solitary in a single cell
of a dessicating honeycomb, and round him
all sound, all thought, all human multitude
are drying wax, spilt wings and old dead bees.
A ray of a long foundered sun or moon
may regild or resilver for an instant
a day forgotten, or spring may re-embody,
most fleetingly, a presence or a shape,
in which our soul was dressed—a boy perhaps
seeing his first mountain—oh the white, white peak,
and the great bastions scrawling at the skies
with elemental firs, nature's green monks
that tell their beads climbing with forehead bowed
in the eternal progress of the Host.

But that's as painful as brief, and, as Time coats
the soul with deeper dust, more rarely comes.
So that for me at least there were no changes
in the long rust, but only the wind stirring
the powdered days and the deciduous nights,
and the small crackle of thorns too blunt to wound.
Safety ! Yes I had that—as the least blade
so near the earth not even a foot can crush it,
and naught to see save the next neighbouring stem,
and naught to feel but the slowly ageing sap.

And then it was I heard one singing again !
Forgive me, God, if I call on your Name,
or make a God for a name great enough
to qualify that singing and that song.
O not the words—for you shall hear and judge
how they were but the usual melody
you might have heard in any village street
when girls drive out the cattle, or at evening
stuttered by children drowsily repeating
and sweetly falsifying what they've heard.
No ! not the thing she said, but she who said it
and how 'twas said. Of all created flowers
lilac is nearest the dew. If asphodel—
the legendary sort—had from the meadows
beyond the stars in April been transplanted,
it would have bloomed upon a lilac tree,
because the lilac in its trembling arms
enfolds the brief eternity of youth
defeating death with its bright alibi.
Well then ! she was the lilac-asphodel
in poignant loveliness and quiet awe
breathing upon the ruins with the fragrance
of the larger meads under dream-Tyrian skies.
And this she sang, or rather in her being
scent, light, and youth, framed in unspoken words,
were cool and audible as imagined rain :

"There are dead planets that kept their bright patrol,
ringed before Saturn, more flagrant once than Mars,
dark now as Lucifer's dipped aureole,
fallen yet sensible between the stars.
These shouldered time away, or sought to curb it,
holding his horses in dream's shadowy rein,
bidding his stallions swing into the orbit
where joy upon itself returns again.

But they are fallen into darkness, these proud,
there is none to do them honour in all the skies.
But O forgotten, O great with your heads bowed,
be patient still. For you have great allies.

Time, leaning backwards, folds you to its breast,
your scattered dawns are gathered out of space,
their grey and gold consummate and at rest,
seeing the Dawn they sprang from face to face.

And so all love, and so our life in death,
go all in splendour, and in darkness end;
but there is one whose heart remembereth,
who is enriched for ever by what they spend."

I have laid the dawn away. I have estranged the noon.
Come quickly night of stars or starless. I am ready
for darkness. I shall hear her in the dark.

Economic Stability and the Monetary Standard

By E. J. Broster

THE purpose of this article is not to discuss the question of the gold standard but to describe the nature of the ideal form of standard in relation to its principal aim of maintaining some sort of long-period economic stability. There are other considerations such as foreign exchange stability, but there is a growing and well founded belief that internal economic stability should be given precedence. Post-war experience has shown that one is incompatible with the other.

Most of those who make proposals for monetary reform work on the assumption that all our economic evils are due to the defects of the present system. They overstate their case. Briefly stated, the primary physical cause of short-period instability as reflected in the phases of the trade cycle, lies in fluctuations in the rate of industrial development resulting from changes in the confidence of investors, speculators and *entrepreneurs*. This causes fluctuations in the demand for producers' (and distributors') goods such as factory buildings, shops, warehouses, machinery, plant and tools, and therefore in the price-level of the materials used in their manufacture.

To obtain a larger measure of precision, many economists, including J. M. Keynes, now introduce into their arguments the factor of savings. When total current savings are equal to the amount of money flowing into industrial development and other forms of new investment, the economic life is in a state of short-period equilibrium. A fall in new investment relative to saving means that a smaller quantity of money is flowing to the purchase of all sorts of goods and services with the result that prices fall. The deficit is saved but not invested;

in effect, it is withdrawn from circulation and is therefore equivalent to a reduction in the total volume of money.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that although the phases of the trade cycle may be described in terms of the direction and magnitude of the streams of money, they are not fundamentally an effect of changes in the monetary position. Any change in the volume of money however is likely to set in motion the forces that underlie cyclical changes in the economic life. So far as the present depression is concerned, the effect of the deflation of the volume of money in this country preceding and following our return to the gold standard in 1925 was partly offset for a considerable time by world cyclical factors operating in the opposite direction. By the time the turning point was reached at the end of 1929, deflation had been largely instrumental in paving the way into the abyss down which the economic systems of the world were to go tumbling in subsequent years. It was, furthermore, undoubtedly responsible for what has since come to be called the core of unemployment in this country—some million registered wage earners, the total unemployed during a number of years prior to 1930.

It follows that long-period economic stability is the first step towards a condition of constant equilibrium. And since there are a number of kinds of long-period stability, the one chosen to form the basis of the standard will be a constant guide to short-period policy. Long-period stability depends upon the rate of change of the volume of money relative to the secular trend of economic conditions. This, of course, is a truism—a slight modification of the quantity theory of money. Just as in the short period the strength of the demand for commodities and services, and therefore for labour, is governed by the relation of current savings to new investment, so in the long period it is governed by the total volume of money.

From the point of view of internal economic conditions, the problem of the standard is that of determining what kind of long-period stability is the most desirable. It is a

problem of considerable political as well as economic importance, for it involves questions of equity in the distribution of the national income. We may attempt to stabilize any of a number of price-levels: that of output as a whole, that of consumers' goods, or that of a more arbitrarily chosen part of output such as commodities at wholesale, raw materials, producers' goods or retail food. We also may attempt to stabilize total money income, or the money income per unit of the factors of production. An examination of all of these standards is unnecessary. No useful purpose could be served by stabilizing any price-level with the exception of that of either output as a whole or consumers' goods as a whole. To stabilize total money income under conditions of a growing population would involve a periodical reduction in the money income per unit of labour—that is, in wages—and of other factors of production. This would not always be practicable and unemployment would result.

If the cost per unit of production (including distribution) of producers' goods remained constant in terms of consumers' goods, the standard giving stability of the price-level of consumers' goods would also give stability of the price-level of output as a whole. Since in any case the annual average variation is probably very slight, there is little to choose between the two. However, the purchasing power of money can be expressed only in terms of consumers' goods (including services), as the whole income of the community with the exception of savings is spent on such goods, and even the real value of savings can be expressed only in terms of the consumers' goods for which they will exchange. Since, therefore, stability of the price-level of consumers' goods is equivalent to stability of the purchasing power of money, it is perhaps preferable to that of the price-level of output as a whole.

Two kinds of stability now remain to be examined, viz.: stability of the price-level of consumers' goods (or inversely the purchasing power of money) and stability

of the money income per unit of the factors of production, which, in order to simplify the argument, we may assume to consist of the one factor labour. The former we may conveniently call *price stability* and the latter *unit cost stability*. Since both the working population and the rate of production of consumers' goods are increasing, the preservation of either will involve a continuously expanding volume of money.

But as a result of the process by which new mechanical devices are being introduced into industry, each unit of labour is becoming more productive; that is, the rate of increase in the output of consumers' goods is greater in the long run than the rate of growth of labour. The actual rates of increase are not known with any degree of accuracy. It is estimated, however, that population and total output increase at annual compound rates of 1 and 3 per cent. respectively.* These are not exactly the figures we require but they will serve to illustrate the argument. If there are no long-period changes in other factors such as the velocities of monetary circulation, the proportion of the total circulation required for financial transactions, and the average number of times total output changes hands in the course of the productive and distributive processes, the total volume of money must be increased at 3 per cent. per annum compound to maintain price stability and 1 per cent. per annum compound to maintain unit cost stability.

If the former of the two standards is chosen, the demand for labour will outpace the supply, and growing efficiency will reflect itself, *prima facie*, in unit costs (or money wages) that tend to rise at an annual compound rate approximating 2 per cent. If on the other hand the latter is chosen, the demand for commodities will not grow so rapidly as the supply, and growing efficiency will reflect itself, *prima facie*, in a price-level that tends to fall at an annual rate approximating 2 per cent. So far as

* *Vide* Sir Henry Strakosch's paper on "Gold and the Price Level," published with the *Economist* of 5th July, 1930.

real income is concerned both standards apparently will give similar results.

There is, however, an important difference. The former will deprive the recipients of fixed money incomes, such as annuities and those derived from fixed interest bearing securities, of the right to participate in the increments of real wealth resulting from industrial progress. Their real as well as money incomes will remain constant, and the whole of the periodical increments will be divided amongst those whose money incomes tend to increase as a result of competitive forces. The growing demand for commodities will cause an expansion of aggregate profits; and the average remuneration of *entrepreneurs* will be sufficient to induce them in the long run to increase their scale of operations so that they will not only give and continue to give full employment to the growing supply of the factors of production, but also increase and continue to increase their offers to them. Under conditions of the latter standard the increments will be divided proportionally amongst all recipients of money incomes; and the average remuneration of *entrepreneurs* will suffice to induce them in the long run to give full employment to the factors of production without increasing their offers.

Whether recipients of fixed money incomes should share in the fruits of industrial progress is a question the answer to which largely governs the choice of standard. On the one hand, it may be considered expedient on ethical grounds to afford them the opportunity of keeping pace with the rising standard of economic welfare. On the other, they do not—as recipients of fixed incomes—contribute to growing efficiency. Nor, when they contract for those incomes, could they reasonably impose a condition that their real value should increase. Industrial progress is a result of enterprise in the constant fight for the retention and expansion of markets. From this point of view, the increments of National real income resulting from growing

efficiency, unquestionably belong to those who take the risk and succeed. That wage-earners should take a share is both inevitable and just; for by specializing in a particular industrial process they also take a risk in so far as the skill they acquire may be rendered valueless by the same factor of improving methods of production.

There is too another important consideration—that of the effect of each standard on short-period equilibrium. Both J. M. Keynes and Professor Pigou, amongst others, give the impression that in the light of the economics of the short period, they believe the standard monetary system is one that preserves unit cost stability. Keynes—somewhat inconsistently—defines the normal remuneration of *entrepreneurs* as that which is sufficient to induce them neither to increase nor to decrease their scale of operations. A standard providing for this would result in (*a*) either falling money wages or unemployment of the equivalent of the increments of the factors of production and (*b*) a falling commodity price-level. With economic equilibrium, the former at least cannot be regarded as compatible.

At this point it is necessary to have a clearer understanding of the ultimate aim in view. The purpose of the ideal monetary system is associated with the standard of economic welfare to the level of which the distribution of income is scarcely the dominant factor. The ideal system is that designed to give the best achievable combination of, firstly, the full employment of the factors of production; secondly, the maximum rate of output of consumers' goods compatible with a degree of capital accumulation for the purpose of increasing the rate of output in the future; and thirdly, equity in the distribution of income. The third condition we have already examined. The first and second are interdependent and it is with these that we are now concerned.

Either of the standards under review will give full employment of the factors of production in periods of normal and abnormal economic activity. In periods of

subnormal activity, however, a standard designed to preserve price stability will tend to provide greater employment than that designed to preserve unit cost stability. Periods of abnormal activity are marked by an excessive demand for labour and a consequent rise in the level of money wages. Under conditions of unit cost stability a feature of the intervening periods of depression must therefore be a large volume of unemployment—a result of the difficulties of lowering wages to their normal or long-period economic level. But a standard providing for price stability gives scope for a rise in the level of wages of some 2 per cent. per annum. During periods of abnormal activity it will rise at a rate in excess of this, but during the intervening depression periods the need for wage reductions will be small or non-existent. If, for instance, money wages rise during the periods of abnormal activity over a long series of years at a rate averaging 2 per cent. per annum for all years, then during the years of the intervening periods of subnormal activity they will remain stationary.

By suspending the process of increasing the total volume of money during periods of abnormal activity and raising the rate of increase when a downward phase of the trade cycle is threatened, the monetary authority would be able to counteract the effect of the difference that is arising between saving and new investment. The principal instrument of short-period policy is the bank rate which governs the level of interest rates generally. A rise in the rate of interest stimulates saving and tends to reduce the demand for loans and therefore the rate of new investment, and *vice versa*. It follows that, regardless of the condition in which business confidence may be, there is always a level of interest rates that would promote equality between current savings and new investment. Economists call this level the *natural rate* of interest as distinct from the actual level or *market rate*. The natural rate is always low during periods of subnormal activity and high during periods of abnormal activity.

If the market rate of interest could be maintained at the same level as that of the natural rate, short-period stability would become an established fact. But the range of the market rate is restricted, and its level often governed, by considerations of the protection of the monetary standard. Immediately prior to the Bank of England's suspension of gold payments in September, 1931, the country's industries were in a state of deep depression and the natural rate was very low, yet the bank rate stood at the exceptionally high figure of 6 per cent. The drain of gold—the basis of our standard—from the Bank of England had made a high rate necessary. An immediate reduction in the volume of money in circulation was essential and this could be done only by raising the market rate of interest.

It is through changes in the level of bank rate and the market rate that the volume of money is controlled. If an increase is required the market rate is forced down under the influence of a fall in bank rate to a level below the natural rate. The fall stimulates new investment, and the difference between the amount of money flowing into it and the volume of current saving after allowing for the resulting fall, represents the circulation of new money. From this it will be seen that the long-period stabilization of either the unit cost of production or the price-level, involving as it would a continuous increase in the volume of money, is not consistent with the conception of short-period equilibrium—for in the long run the market rate would lie below the natural rate and the quantity of money flowing to new investment would exceed the flow of current savings. However, there would not necessarily be any disturbance of short-period equilibrium, since, so long as the increase in the volume of money gave rise to an additional flow of money to new investment equal to the deficit of current savings against new investment, there would be no transitional period of change. In other words, so long as the natural rate of interest is normal, the increasing volume of money should be continuous, that is,

the increase should be administered at short intervals in doses sufficient to produce in the course of a year the average rate of increase necessary to give the kind of long-period stability to be maintained. In effect, the relatively low level of the market rate of interest would cause a *flow* of new money into circulation—a series of doses administered at infinitely short intervals.

On the whole, the economic evidence favours a standard that would preserve price stability. But the varying incidence on the distribution of income brings the problem within the political sphere. The international aspect, too, is of some political consequence. The post-war attempt to re-establish the international gold standard completely failed, mainly because the more powerful countries whose currencies were based on gold and whose monetary and economic policies were at variance one with another, wished to take complete control, or, at least, refused to co-operate. In present circumstances a universal standard designed to preserve economic stability is impracticable. But the experience of the last few years suggests that there are a number of countries, particularly those comprising the Sterling Group, which, in the quest for a rational monetary system, are both willing and able to follow Great Britain's lead. This is the only feature of present international monetary policy that gives good cause for optimism. Upon the adoption of a monetary standard that will allow long-period economic changes to take place with the minimum of friction depends the future health and perhaps the continued existence of the industrial life of the world.

Sonnet

By T. Weston Ramsey

I KNOW not by what discord of the stars
Or interplanetary influence,
What sad aspect of Saturn or of Mars,
By opposition or incongruence;
Or if it be by detriment of sign,
In which the Lord of the Ascendant lies,
That there is raised between your life and mine
So mountainous a barrier of ice.
Nor do I wish to know this, being glad
To hold the thought of you within—to find
A greater marvel still that you have had
The thought of me a moment in your mind;
And this, the best of knowledge, how you move
My mind to wonder, and my heart to love.

Poet to Reader

By T. Weston Ramsey

WHY should I burn myself
To furnish you with light?
I do not burn so bright,
Enkindled with desire
To minister delight:
I burn because a fire
Is in me day and night.

Science and the Supernatural

By Arnold Lunn

IS nature self-explanatory? Is the origin of species a problem which is ultimately soluble in terms of natural law? Or do we find in the history of the past and in the facts of the present evidence of the intrusion of supernatural forces into the natural order?

The Victorian secularists had their naïve solution to this problem. They accepted with simple faith the great dogma "Miracles don't occur," and rejected all facts which did not square with that hypothesis.

Had you asked a Victorian secularist to justify his simple child-like faith in this grand dogma of his sect, he would probably have replied that science has established certain natural laws, and that it is therefore unscientific to believe in any miracle which violates the laws in question. Now the very expression "law of nature" is misleading. All that science can record are certain sequences. Strictly speaking there are no "laws of nature." The movements of an individual atom are as unpredictable as the life expectation of an individual man. Insurance companies, however, are solvent because life expectations are predictable in the mass and science achieves practical results because the behaviour of atoms in the aggregate can often be calculated with great accuracy. As Sir Arthur Eddington remarks, "The eclipse in 1899 is as safe as the balance of a life-insurance company; the next quantum jump of an atom is as uncertain as your life and mine." And he adds, "Statistical laws relate to the behaviour of crowds and depend on the fact that although the behaviour of each individual may be extremely uncertain, average results can be predicted with confidence. Much of the apparent uniformity of nature is a uniformity of averages."

In the same book, "The Nature of the Physical World," Sir Arthur Eddington describes what happens when we place a foot on a floor composed of wooden planks. "The plank has no solidity of substance. To step

on it is like stepping on a swarm of flies. Shall I not slip through? No, if I make the venture one of the flies hits me and gives a boost up again; I fall again and am knocked upwards by another fly; and so on. I may hope that the net result will be that I remain about steady; but if unfortunately I should slip through the floor or be boosted too violently up to the ceiling, the occurrence would be, not a violation of the laws of Nature, but a rare coincidence."

"Surely this tells against miracles," the reader may reply, "if on entering a room you are flung violently against the ceiling, you would not be entitled to deduce spirit agency. The correct conclusion would be that some of Eddington's flies had behaved in a rather unusual fashion. You are merely the victim of a rare coincidence, and perhaps the Resurrection may be explained on some such lines."

Perhaps it may. The believer in miracles does not pretend coercively to refute all conceivable alternative hypotheses. He only claims to have opted for the more probable hypothesis. I enter the room and find myself flung violently against the ceiling. You ask me to believe that this is merely an Eddingtonian coincidence, and I ask you to quote some precedent in recorded history for a coincidence against which the chances are so fantastically enormous. There is no such precedent, but there is good evidence for the existence of playful poltergeists who specialize in pranks such as this, and probability and precedent being the basis of my rule of faith, I opt for the poltergeist solution.

Incidentally I doubt if Sir Arthur Eddington will succeed in exorcising the well-established expression "law of nature" from the scientific vocabulary, and I for one shall continue to use this expression with a mental reservation to the effect that the word "law," strictly speaking, is misleading.

Now my first point is that a miracle is not a violation of a law of nature. If a scientist who makes use of the

pre-Eddingtonian terminology assures us that the laws of nature enable us to predict certain sequences, he always assumes that these sequences will not be modified by will. An apple falls from a branch, and science predicts the usual apple-striking-ground sequence, subject always to the proviso that the apple is not intercepted by a human hand propelled by human will. If this interception occurs, the law of gravity will not have been violated, but its effects will have been modified. Similarly a scientist would have predicted that the Belgian labourer De Rudder, who walked into a shrine with the separated bones in his right leg protruding through a suppurating sore, would emerge in very much the same distressing condition. In point of fact De Rudder emerged with his bones united and his wound healed. No law of nature was violated. All that this well-attested modern miracle proves is that the normal effects of natural law have in this particular case been modified by superhuman will.

When I return from town in the evening, I often find that the books and papers which I left on the floor have returned to my desk. I do not assume that the law of gravity has been violated, and that these books and papers have flown up to the desk of their own accord. I assume, correctly, that a human will, my wife's, has intruded itself into my room and rearranged matter.

I believe in miracles because I believe in free will, with a rider to this belief that God's will is as free as mine. I do not see why we should deny to the supreme governor of the universe a right which we claim for ourselves, the right to rearrange matter.

It is a well-established scientific principle that if a particular event can be completely explained as the result of certain known causes, we can exclude other causes from consideration, but if a particular event cannot be explained in terms of known causes, we can postulate some other and additional cause as yet undiscovered.

Let us apply this principle to nature.

Nature, organic and inorganic, owes its form partly to inanimate agencies (such as water, wind, and frost), and partly to animate agencies such as men, animals and vegetables. Is it possible to explain all known natural phenomena in terms of these causes? If not, the scientific course is to accept, at least as a provisional hypothesis the existence of supernatural agencies. My dog who has just strayed into the room is puzzled by a book lying on the floor, and has taken a good sniff at the binding. His sense of smell is keener than mine, and consequently his scientific observations of the nature, and physical material of which the book is composed, are probably more accurate than my own, but the book conveys more to me than it does to my dog. The materialistic scientist can discover facts about the binding with which the book of nature is bound, which will never be discovered by the saint, but within the covers of that book the mind of God is revealed in language which the saint can read.

My dog is bored with the book. He has smelt it and prodded it and wandered off in search of a rat. To my dog the book is just a lump of matter, not the medium through which one mind communicates with another. My dog reminds me of the secularist who denies the existence of agencies other than those of which he is immediately aware through his senses. But it is difficult to see why this attitude should be described as scientific.

As that distinguished French scientist, Professor Richet, remarks, "Why should there not be intelligent puissant beings distinct from those perceptible to our senses? By what right should we dare to affirm, on the basis of our limited senses, our defective intellect, and our scientific past, as yet hardly three centuries old, that in the vast cosmos man is the sole intelligent being, and that all mental reality always depends upon new cells irrigated by oxygenated blood?"

Now the question as to whether these "puissant beings" do or do not exist must clearly be settled by an

examination of the evidence and of the evidence alone, but it is precisely the appeal to evidence which the secularist dreads. He far prefers to appeal to a private revelation of his own. Indeed he claims to settle this question much as Johnson settled the theory which Boswell describes as "Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter and that everything in the universe is merely ideals."

"I shall never forget," said Boswell, "the alacrity with which Johnson answered. Striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, he rebounded from it, and exclaimed 'I refute it thus.'"

The modern secularist adopts this method with a difference. He strikes his foot against the solid fact of supernormal phenomena to prove their *non*-existence. The older school of secularists still pretended to refute miracles by argument. The modern secularist does not argue; he knows. He commands us to accept *de fide* the first premise, unproved and unprovable, that natural law is supreme. Facts which are inconsistent with this premise must be discarded; facts which appear to conflict with this premise must be explained away. In our courts of law we ask the jury to base their verdict on the evidence before the court, but the secularist is hampered by no such legal precedents. He is unperturbed by the difficulty of explaining certain supernormal phenomena in terms of natural law. "Gentlemen of the jury," he says in effect, "We have not yet explained by natural law the sudden union of the bones in Peter de Rudder's leg, but I have no doubt that science will one day be able to explain this apparent miracle. I admit that the fossils which I need to demonstrate the purely natural process of evolution have not yet turned up, but they will turn up one day. Please don't get excited, gentlemen of the jury, don't get restless . . . keep your seats, I pray, keep your seats for a few thousand years, and the evidence which I need to prove my case will certainly be produced."

This line of argument against miracles has, however, one clear advantage. It can never be completely refuted. If a modern saint, after being guillotined, walked down the boulevards carrying his head in his hands, the secularists would still be able to appeal with confidence to the science of the future which would one day provide a natural explanation.

It is not, however, scientific to appeal to the evidence which isn't there. Our job is to render a verdict on the evidence before the court, and if this evidence strongly suggests the existence of other agencies than those of which we have so far taken cognizance, we must accept this possibility however much it may conflict with the mental fashion of the day.

It is perhaps not surprising that those who have been educated to believe that they could support a particular thesis by citations from those missing volumes of nature's book which are alleged to contain all the missing links in the evolutionary argument, should appeal with equal confidence to the future for the evidence which they cannot find in the present. If this silly habit of appealing from the facts as they are to the facts as they would wish them to be gains ground, secularism will end by destroying our confidence in the power of the human mind to arrive at any valid conclusions. The "Rationalists" have already undermined our confidence in reason, and certain scientists are equally busy in provoking a distrust in approved scientific methods.

Evolutionists forget that these weapons can be turned against them. I wonder, for instance, how an evolutionist would reply to an extreme fundamentalist who denied not only the evolution of all living forms from one primordial cell but also the clear evidence of evolution within comparatively narrow limits that we find, for instance, in the fossil records of the amonites. "You tell me," says the fundamentalist, "that birds are descended from reptiles. I appeal with sunny confidence to the missing volumes in nature's book which contain the

fossil remains of birds in strata far earlier than those in which you find the fossils of the first reptile. You assume a genetic link, that is a link by descent, between different generations of amonites which you find in strata which have been deposited successively upon the floors of primeval seas, but how do you know that every one of these amonites has not been created by an act of special creation? I am confident that the future will provide all the evidence that I need to substantiate this somewhat startling claim."

The truth is that nothing is more difficult than coercively to demonstrate causal connection. We can prove sequences; we can prove sequences of minor changes in the amonites; we can prove that de Rudder's bones were united after he had prayed in the shrine. But it is as impossible to demonstrate beyond all possible doubt the genetic link between different generations of amonites as it is to demonstrate the supernatural link between prayer and miracles.

It is a pity that scientists have not yet invented an evidence metre for the scientific measuring of evidence. No secularist would dare to test his own beliefs by some such evidence metre. Secularists choose their beliefs on much the same principle that women choose hats, to suit their mental complexion. The atheist, for instance, accepts with naïve faith the dogma that all living things are descended from a primordial cell, and that this primordial cell emerged by a process of spontaneous generation from lifeless matter. The atheist, who does not even pretend to offer any evidence for the spontaneous generation of the primordial cell, an event which, if it occurred at all, occurred in the remote past, an event which was unwitnessed and unrecorded, an event which conflicts with all existing knowledge of life, none the less rejects without examination the evidence for miracles, evidence direct, contemporary, recorded and witnessed, and moreover checked and assisted by the perfected technique of modern scientific research. The credulity

with which the atheist accepts those beliefs which accord with his prejudices is only equalled by the idiotic scepticism with which he rejects any facts which conflict with his parochial outlook.

The true scientist would approach the problem of agencies external to this planet much as a collection of castaways would approach the problem of agencies external to an uninhabited island on which they were wrecked. If they were to discover on the sands footmarks which clearly did not correspond with any of their own footmarks they would deduce that the island had been recently visited. Now we are all castaways upon an island in space. Many of the footprints on our island can be accounted for by the existence of the inhabitants of this island, but there are other imprints which suggest the intrusion into the affairs of this planet of a visitor from some other realm.

Long before the planet Neptune was seen through a telescope, the fact of its existence had been inferred by Le Verrier as the only possible explanation for the erratic " perturbations " of the planet Uranus. The movements of Uranus were inexplicable excepting on the assumption that its orbit was affected by agencies other than the agencies of known planets. Le Verrier was a scientist. He did not say, " These perturbations of Uranus are very puzzling, but the science of the future will one day explain them without invoking the distressing hypothesis of a planet that no astronomer has, as yet, discovered. I know that astronomers are, if not infallible, at least quasi-infallible, and that no unknown planet could therefore have escaped their detection. I therefore appeal with confidence to the future to explain these puzzling perturbations in terms of planets which are known to exist."

Just as it proved impossible to explain the perturbations of Uranus in terms of known planets, so it is impossible to explain the " perturbations " in the world around us in terms of agencies as yet recognized by

official science. Now since the word "supernatural" raises prejudice and clouds the judgment of otherwise intelligent people, let us provisionally describe the agents responsible for these perturbations as Agent X, and let us describe the group of natural agencies, animate and inanimate, as Agents N.

The evolutionary problem may then be stated in the following form. Is the origin and evolution of species a problem which is capable of ultimate explanation in terms of Agents N, or is it necessary to invoke the hypothesis of Agent X?

Now the geological record provides evidence of evolution within comparatively narrow limits, but no real evidence for evolution transcending these narrow limits. The geological record is therefore consistent with the theory of the special creation of new types, and their subsequent evolution within narrow limits, and is inconsistent with the theory of the natural evolution of all living things from one primordial cell. This is, in effect, admitted by many scientists who are themselves convinced evolutionists. Professor D. M. S. Watson, for instance, blurted out the real truth at the meeting of the British Association in 1929. He was indiscreet enough to admit that the reasons for "the universal acceptance of evolution" was that "the only alternative, 'special creation,' was clearly incredible." Being a scientist he did not think it necessary to produce any evidence, philosophic or scientific, against the doctrine which his inner light had rejected as incredible.

That great evolutionist, Yves Delage, admitted that the belief in evolution rests not on facts scientifically established, but on faith. "I am however thoroughly persuaded," he wrote, "that one is or is not a transformist, not so much for reasons deduced from natural history, as for motives based on personal philosophic opinions. If there existed some other scientific hypothesis besides that of descent to explain the origin of species, many transformists would abandon their present

opinion as not being sufficiently demonstrated. . . . If one takes his stand *upon the exclusive ground of the facts*,* it must be acknowledged that the formation of one species from another species has not been demonstrated at all."

By way of contrast let me quote the views of a distinguished Fellow of the Royal Society, Professor W. R. Thompson. Professor Thompson met my criticisms of the evolutionary theory with courtesy and not with abuse, and contented himself with the modest claim that I had "produced no solid argument to prove that the scientific hypothesis of natural evolution is for the naturalist an unreasonable or illegitimate hypothesis." This surely is to transform the burden of proof into a burden of disproof for the anti-evolutionists. It is for those who claim to have solved the great problem of the origin of species to justify that solution. Those who make no such claims can logically adopt the agnostic position that this problem is as yet unsolved. It would be easy to imagine the righteous indignation of an evolutionist if the fundamentalist contended that the evolutionist had produced no solid arguments to prove that the hypothesis of special creation was for the Christian "an unreasonable or illegitimate hypothesis."

Professor Thompson continues in another article, "I cannot see any alternative to the idea of evolution as a purely scientific hypothesis; and for this reason do not feel disposed to criticize too severely those who consider it to be a fact. Nevertheless it is clear that those who defend it as a fact are on rather slippery ground."

But can we really regard "rather slippery ground" as a satisfactory foundation for "a scientific hypothesis"? Professor Thompson continues, "I think it is fair to say that evolutionists have not yet had sufficient time to demonstrate the truth of their hypothesis; but it is difficult to deny that they have already had a great deal more time than they thought they would need, and have not yet been able to get the evidence they hoped to get."

* The italics are mine.—A.L.

What then does Professor Thompson mean by stating that there is no alternative to "the idea of evolution as a purely scientific hypothesis."? He means, I suppose, that any other hypothesis would necessarily involve the intrusion of some supernatural agency into the natural order, but it is difficult to see why the word "scientific" should be restricted to hypotheses excluding Agent X.

There is an increasing and I think a regrettable tendency to restrict the word "science" to a rather narrow field of knowledge. In the Middle Ages the scholastics spoke of "divine science," and even to-day we speak of "moral science," political science" and "economic science." Nor is it clear why the expression "scientific hypothesis," used in its narrowest sense, should be restricted to a hypothesis which excludes on *a priori* grounds the possibility of a real effect being produced by any particular agency. It is, on the contrary, unscientific to exclude from our consideration any agency which may have helped to produce the world as we see it. It is, of course, tempting to simplify problems by disregarding troublesome factors, but short cuts are not always scientific.

Professor Thompson's defence of evolution is significant of the changing attitude towards this problem. The old dogmatic confidence is being replaced by a wistful suggestion that we should provisionally accept the unproved hypothesis of evolution as a "working hypothesis."

It is perhaps not surprising that in an age which is losing its faith in reason and its confidence in the power of the human mind to arrive at objective truth, we should expect to get good results from a working hypothesis irrespective of whether that working hypothesis be true or false. I have an obstinate inner conviction, for which I can offer no adequate objective proof that a working hypothesis will be useful if it be true and mischievous if it be false. And even the most ardent evolutionist would agree that we should have to scrap many of our accepted theories if evolution were disproved, for these theories are

conclusions derived from the premise that evolution is true. Our ideas of prehistoric geography would have to be revolutionized. If special creation has occurred, there is no difficulty in accepting the fact that identical species may have been specially created in continents which have always been separated by the sea. If we rule out special creation we cannot reasonably be asked to believe that fortuitous evolution should have produced identical results in regions which had for ever been completely isolated from each other. Consequently the most violent upheavals are necessary, (an ocean-bed up-lift of at least 20,000 feet, for instance) for the convenience of a marsupial afraid to wet its feet in passing from one continent to another. A land bridge is said to have connected America and Europe in order that the American *equus* might demonstrate to his European brother that blood is thicker than water. " He leadeth them through the deep as a horse," Isaiah remarked. Isaiah had the makings of an evolutionist, as had also the psalmist, for " the mountains shall skip like rams," was an accurate forecast of those violent rearrangements of strata necessary to adjust mountain scenery to the " working hypothesis " of evolution.

One need not go all the way with Commander Acworth to agree with the main thesis of his book " This Progress," that the social and ethical results of the evolutionary hypothesis have not been uniformly beneficial.

In conclusion let me consider one of the most popular arguments against the reality of the miraculous. " Christians," says the atheist, " fall back on God as an explanation for phenomena which science has so far failed to explain. God is merely a shorthand term for 'I don't yet know,' but as science advances, the gaps narrow, and God gets squeezed into a more and more restricted space."

Professor J. B. S. Haldane used this argument in our controversial correspondence.*

* " Science and the Supernatural," Eyre and Spottiswoode.

"Secondly the historical argument appeals to me," he wrote. "In primitive societies such as those of West and Central Africa, all phenomena not understood, e.g. all non-violent deaths, are put down to the activity of spirits. As knowledge increases more and more of them are explained in other ways. I am sufficiently impressed by the history of science to suppose that this sort of thing will go on."

Let us note in passing that Professor Haldane is, in effect, adopting the method of the old witch doctor, though he has reversed his categories. The witch doctor refused to take into consideration natural causes, and attempted to explain all phenomena in relation to supernatural agencies. The witch doctor was lazy, for he was trying to over-simplify a complex problem. Professor Haldane wears the witch doctor's robes back to front, and tries to simplify this complex problem by excluding from consideration Agent X. I replied to Professor Haldane as follows:—

If phenomena may be divided into those which are due to supernatural agencies and those which can be explained by natural causes, what should we expect to find? We should expect occasional mistakes in classifying borderline phenomena, and expect primitive peoples to classify as supernatural many things which a more scientific age would assign to natural causes. But for the life of me I cannot see why the very developments which are inevitable if the supernatural be a reality should be solemnly trotted out as a "historical argument" against the supernatural. The "historical argument" stripped of unnecessary details boils down to this: If A is true, B must happen, but B happens, therefore A is untrue.

I dissent, again, from the view that the process of transferring phenomena from one class to the other, from the natural to the supernatural, for instance, has been a one-way process. Far from it. Belief in the supernatural probably reached its lowest ebb in the middle of

the eighteenth century. Materialism represents the climax of the process of transferring events from supernatural to natural categories, but materialism is dying, if not dead. Among modern scientists the tendency is to reverse this process and to retransfer to the supernatural class many phenomena which foolish Victorian atheists attempted to explain by natural causes. There has been no steady transference of phenomena from one class to the other. Science is as impotant to-day as it ever was to explain miracles which have occurred in every century and in every country.

It is not, of course, surprising that pious secularists should attempt to impose on scientific research their own peculiar tests of orthodoxy, and to insist that no phenomenon shall be recognized unless it has received the *nihil obstat* of natural law. An eminent curator of a museum once instructed a member of his staff to investigate the body of an unspecified creature with the proviso that the animal in question should be shown to belong to a species known to science. This anecdote, which I owe to Mr. Gerald Heard, provokes a smile, but, as he himself implies, the anecdote provides an exact parallel to the attitude of some of our less imaginative scientists. Everything must be explained in terms of those agencies of which they approve, and everything inexplicable in terms of those agencies must be explained in terms of laws as yet to be discovered.

A popular version of this appeal to the scientific discoveries of the future is the fallacious analogy between wireless and telepathy. Telepathy and similar supernormal phenomena will, we are assured, be explained one day by the action of waves as yet undiscovered, but this analogy is killed by one fact. Wireless and all other physical waves obey the law of the inverse square, but telepathy does not. Telepathy is therefore an activity of the understanding for which the analogy of radio is irrelevant and misleading. It is significant that Mr. Gerald Heard is now prepared to admit that telepathy

has in all probability been proved, and that telepathy, if proved, is the death blow to materialism.

The scientific predecessors of the people who now dismiss unexamined all supernormal phenomena, dismissed meteorites as impossible, and fire balls as a relic of superstition.

These odd people who take such a high line about science, and who behave in so unscientific a fashion, would be very surprised if a chemist had taken a solemn oath never to admit the existence of radium or the presence of radium in any compound submitted for his analysis. They would be much amused, again, if an astronomer took the oath of Copernicus never to admit the existence of hitherto undiscovered planets, but to refer all puzzling perturbations to dynamical laws as yet undiscovered, and they would be even more perplexed if a barrister briefed to defend a criminal accused of poisoning his wife with arsenic opened the defence as follows, "I decline to admit that death is due to the agency of arsenic. The scientists of the future will be able to explain these apparant traces of arsenic in non-arsenical terms."

No criterion of evidence can be less scientific than the criterion adopted by the secularist, who rules out as inadmissable all evidence which conflicts with his views, and who dogmatically denies the possibility of explaining existing phenomena excepting in terms of agencies of a particular kind. There must be something wrong with a criterion which would effectively prevent the establishing of a particular hypothesis even if that hypothesis were in fact true. Science exists for the detection and not for the suppression of facts.

The materialist may reply, "You mistake me. I should of course accept coercive evidence. Produce a first class miracle and I shall be converted. If, for instance, the Bishop of London were to announce that he would demonstrate the truth of Christianity by moving the Albert Hall to Salisbury Plain, and if this removal

took place at the advertised time and place, I would ask the Bishop to confirm me on the spot."

But what is the Christian hypothesis which we are attempting to defend? Surely this:—

God does not Coerce Faith. The Evidence for the Supernatural is just short of the Coercive.

It is illogical to demand that the champions of a particular hypothesis should demonstrate that hypothesis by evidence which, in effect, would disprove the hypothesis in question. If the Bishop of London were to perform a coercive miracle under the terms dictated by an atheist, all that he would have succeeded in doing would have been effectively to disprove the Christian hypothesis that God does not coerce faith.

When we claim that God does not coerce faith, we should perhaps add a rider to the effect that God does not coerce the idle into examining the evidence for the supernatural, which, if no more, is certainly no less coercive than the evidence for many facts which the man in the street accepts as self-evidently true. No man who approaches this evidence with an open mind can fail to agree with that great scientist Lord Kelvin:—"Science positively confirms creative power, which it compels us to accept as an article of faith."

Pauline : a story

(*continued*)

By La Comptesse Jean de Pange

(*Translated from the French by Hugh Barnes.*)

PAULINE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Paris, *February 24th.*

MY dear Father,

You will have scarcely received my last letter and here I am writing to you again. I must, I am in such trouble. All my feelings are in turmoil and I must confide in you.

Robert amused himself this morning by turning out all the little things in my hand-bag and found my entrance card to the National Library among them. He seemed amazed at first that I should spend so much time in serious reading and then he reproached me for not having told him before. I had not tried to hide it from him; it seemed to me quite unimportant from his point of view. I replied that he did not think it was necessary to tell me all his doings and that some of them were probably much less innocent. He seemed to think I was alluding to his frequent visits to Madame de Chamarande. He is very sensitive on that point. He became very angry and said such painful things that he made me cry.

When we returned to the hotel, we found the painter, Oulinoff-Ratschek, waiting for us. He came, he said, to ask me if I would allow him to paint my portrait. It seems that I am an interesting "type." I naturally wanted to refuse but, to my surprise, Robert seemed delighted and immediately accepted. Then he went off and left me alone with this man I hardly knew. I was very annoyed and when Robert returned for dinner, I gently reproached him for leaving me alone with such a man. Then he got into a passion; I have never seen him in such a rage. He told me that I was a fool, that I gave myself impossible airs and that I should never know how to live comfortably in the world. Then he suddenly picked up his hat and went out.

I felt very miserable. I wondered if he had ceased to love me. If he has, there is nothing left for me in life.

It is midnight and he has not come back yet. If you were here, I should at least have one friend. I have nothing but you in the world: do not forsake me.

ROBERT TO PAULINE.

Paris,
February, 1.30 *a.m.*

Why do you always spoil our happiness, Pauline? I went out after dinner, I have left you alone; oh, yes, it was the best thing to do. I should have said something and regretted it afterwards and you would have done the same.

So you think I am a criminal because I want your picture, because I did not remain like a watchful sheep-dog between you and Oulinoff-Ratschek. So I am a monster! What harm could he do you, Great God? Do you think he seduces all his models? I do not pretend to be a complaisant husband, my dear Pauline, but after all, the old customs are over now. In the world in which we live and considering how pretty you are, it is quite natural for men to flirt with you. It is the current exchange and there is nothing shameful nor dreadful in it.

You ran no danger with old Oulinoff, absolutely none. Of course he has one or two mistresses, takes drugs and has been thirty for the last century. Do you think he could be dangerous, even if he wanted to be? Come now! He has to look at women with his great passionate eyes, he cannot help it and it is really quite an inoffensive habit. Let him alone.

You must remember that we live in society, whatever our personal desires may be, and it is our duty to accept the customs and conventions of the world to which we belong. We must not criticise what everyone else tolerates! If we did, everyone would immediately think us quite impossible people. You must run with the crowd if you want to succeed.

Need it prevent us from loving each other and being happy?

Oh, how I regret our stupid quarrels! You should be with me under the soft lamp-light and looking at me with your great soft eyes! I love you more than you imagine, much more than I can say.

ROBERT.

JEAN LESTRANGES TO PAULINE.

Syracuse, *March 4th.*

I have just received two of your letters with mingled joy and grief, for the misunderstanding between you and Robert only seems to grow more acute. I know that your education and serious tastes were a bad preparation for life in that sort of Parisian society. I have done my best to persuade him to leave it and I counted a little on you to change his habits, but it is a difficult task that requires much time and patience. Robert is young, you can certainly appreciate that, and he responds very easily to all influences except that of his father.

Your visit to the National Library has touched me more than I can say. How could Robert take exception to it? Does not he realize how little your present life can satisfy you?

I do not think there is any harm in your sitting to Monsieur Oulinoff-Ratschek, but, in Robert's place, I should not encourage you to frequent these artistic circles. They are quite unfit for a young girl like you. I advise you to keep on terms of strict politeness with this painter. Do not allow him to take any liberties. I hope there will not be very many sittings. Many kisses, my dear child.

JEAN LESTRANGES TO ROBERT.

Syracuse,

My dear Robert, *March 5th.*

I must now talk to you very seriously. Pauline's letters show me that she is not happy in her life with you. She loves you and you could have with her all possible

happiness, but the misunderstanding between you, although it is as yet a small one, is in danger of becoming more serious, if you do not change your way of life.

You do not realise how painful it is for me to speak to you like this. I am only doing it in your own interest. My experience of life teaches me that quite simple misunderstandings can become irreparable but you aggravate them by your absurdities. Your arguments would almost make one believe that you want to spoil the frank and serious spirit of your wife.

You have now made some reputation as a successful author for the more frivolous theatres, but have you no finer ambition? Cannot I persuade you to write at last a work worthy of Pauline and yourself? Do not forget that Pauline belongs in a way to us both, for it was at first her affection for my writings that drew her towards you. Then let us unite in our efforts to make her happy.

ROBERT TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Paris,

My dear Father, *March 8th.*

I think you are being needlessly anxious about the tiny clouds that pass across our happiness. Pauline still retains too much of her provincial education for her present life to be very easy for her, but I think it would be better to predict her rapid acclimatization than to encourage her obstinacy, for it is the life that will be hers from now onwards.

I do not deny that there is a scale of values, but yours fills me with some doubts. The virtues you advise me to acquire are quite dead in the modern world, although they may seem still alive to the eyes of your youth.

But what is the good of discussing all this? We shall never be able to convince each other and I shall always be restrained by my sincere admiration for your work. Every age has its own gods; you console yourself with the thought that your finest volumes (if I am to believe your commentators) scandalized your predecessors; I do

not doubt that my son will one day find *Cocktail* academic and that he will compose, in a language which I cannot even imagine, a work that will make my hair stand on end.

With regard to Pauline, I should be grateful if you would speak less to her of what separates us at the moment and more of what can unite us.

PAULINE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Paris,
March 9th.

My dear Father,

I hope I have not made you anxious by not writing since last week, but many things have happened in these eight days.

As a result of this stupid quarrel with Robert, I wanted to return to my uncle at La Gauterie. If I have not done so, it is largely owing to you. I was afraid of losing you and I had not the courage to run any risks. Besides that, Robert asked me to forgive him very soon and we have resumed our old life together; I stuck out for the National Library. I go there every day from two till four as if to a little walled garden in my life where I can find peace. In the morning I sit to the painter Oulinoff to please Robert.

I have to go to his studio, as he found the lighting was not good enough in the hotel. It is a very strange place. I am never sure if the pictures are upside-down or not. I see a pyramid of chocolate boxes and I am told it is a naked woman. I am sitting in my clothes, of course, but I do not know what the result will be. For the moment, after six sittings, nothing is to be seen but a sort of draught-board in green and orange, but Oulinoff is delighted with it. He works very slowly and talks all the time. Of course, I say very little, but he is very clever and guesses what is left unsaid. Yesterday he kissed my hand and murmured, "I know you are not happy." It was very strange for I had said nothing. I told Robert, but he did not seem to listen. He seems very preoccupied

these days. He is no longer the same and I do not know what is the matter with him. I wish you were with us. You could help us, if you were here. I try to discover my true feelings with regard to you and Robert. You were at one time a symbol for me of life, of youth and love. I thought I should find them all in Robert if, I dare to say it, if you were with us. He has disappointed me. You abandon me.

PAULINE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Paris, *March* 13.

Why do you write so seldom? You seem to be afraid of writing to me, although you know I have need of you. Now you will have news of us from the papers. It is, alas, quite true. The famous author of *Cocktail*, as they say, fought a duel with a mysterious adversary yesterday and this morning the whole press is full of more precise details.

Last Thursday evening we went to La Faune, one of Robert's favourite cafés in Montparnasse. We had only been there for a few minutes when someone whom I did not know came up to speak to Robert. He turned very pale after a few minutes' conversation and then I heard him say, "That's all right, it's settled." To my great surprise, Robert then told me we must go and we returned to the hotel much earlier than usual. I found a note there from M. Oulinoff, who asked me not to go to him next day as he was ill. If I were not such a fool, I should have noticed this coincidence, but I did not think anything of it.

The next morning he went out, saying that he had an early appointment at the theatre. I went to a bookshop to buy Dussaud's book on pre-hellenic civilization and was quietly reading it when Robert returned. He seemed very excited, his face was contracted and his arm was in a sling. He told me he had just fought a duel with . . . with Monsieur Oulinoff. I was overwhelmed with remorse. I vainly searched in my conduct for anything that could have caused it. Robert gave me his word,

however, that I had had nothing whatsoever to do with it. It appears that they had had some argument about *Cocktail* and Oulinoff had insulted Robert. He has only been very slightly wounded in the arm.

Unfortunately the papers are now full of it all and it has become the latest Parisian scandal. I am terrified of all this publicity, but Robert says it is a good advertisement. I hope my letter reaches you before the papers or you will be very anxious.

The Daub.
March 20th.

The Duties of a Collaborator.

I have heard that the real reason of the L-str-nges-O-l-n-ff duel was an imprudent remark of the painter's about the Countess de Chamarande, whose close relationship with the author of *Cocktail* is well known. Although he recently married a charming young lady, this unforeseen rival for the Ch-mar-nde stakes was hardly to his taste. Hence the duel and his wounded arm. Can the charming Madame Robert . . . heal these deep wounds?

PAULINE TO ROBERT.

Paris, *March 20th.*

Robert, do not try to find me! When you return this evening, I shall already be far away. You will find this note with *The Daub* on my dressing-table; that will explain everything. Someone sent it to me to-day with that passage underlined.

At last I see you in your true colours. Perhaps I could have forgiven you for being Madame de Chamarande's lover, but I can never forgive you for having lied to me.

You have lied!

You pretended to love me and you belonged absolutely to this woman, for whom you are ready to risk your life in a duel with another of her lovers. You have even done worse perhaps; you tried to put him off the scent by offering him your own wife in exchange.

And I, I fell innocently into your trap like a blind fool. How you and Madame de Chamarande must have laughed at me! But I know you now, I see you as you are, Robert! I wish I had never met you. I was blinded by another picture. Robert, I despise you. Good-bye.

P.S.—I have written to my aunt de Lansuadière, for I expect my flight will be in all the papers to-morrow. I congratulate you on such good publicity for *Cocktail!*

TELEGRAM FROM PAULINE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Paris, *March 20th.*

Impossible to live here. Leaving to join you. Arriving Naples March 21, 5 p.m. Meet me at station. Pauline.

THE DIARY OF JEAN LESTRANGES.

Naples, *March 22nd.*

She has arrived. She lies in the next room, sleeping like an angel with her arm bent over her eyes. Poor little one! I shall never forget the wild look of a hunted animal with which she threw herself into my arms in the midst of the mob at the station. She has shown me the infamous article in the *Daub*. Poor child!

Robert is certainly guilty, but am I not, too? Did I not try to model the soul of this little creature in my own likeness from a distance? I showed her there was a different love from that which Robert could give her. He has disappointed her, insulted her and now she seeks refuge with me. Her eyes implore my help and yet I must remain impassive. I have no right to do otherwise. She will doubtless have a letter from Robert to-morrow. Does he deserve so much sacrifice? I must consider her too!

ROBERT TO PAULINE.

Paris, *March 21. Evening.*

I am Madame de Chamarande's lover? Oh yes, since this evening.

I am not sincere?

Since you are such an epicure of truth, here you are!

Till now there has only been friendship between us, but your outrageous departure, your unjustifiable belief in this rag exasperated me and thrust me to-night into her arms. It is your work; I hope you are proud of it.

For the moment I have nothing else to say, except that it is perfectly ridiculous for you to take refuge in my father's arms.

Your conduct deserves a fine reward; it has got it. We are quits.

PAULINE TO ROBERT.

Naples, *March 26th.*

I ought not to write to you, Robert, but your cruel and cynical letter makes it quite clear that all is at an end between us. I like your confession, however, better than your lies. You try to justify yourself by reproaching me for coming to the only being in the world who understands me. I am not going to argue with you. I have decided to forget you, to efface this sad period of my life from my heart for ever. You can never awake in me again the one memory that could still bind me to you. I think of Fontainebleau with shame. I gave myself to you for always, I have been your loving, your devoted wife. I loved you and I thought you loved me. You were my first and my only love, you could have been my friend, but that you did not want.

As for me, I only want one thing, to remain with your father, to live with him and to share his work. I give myself to him now and I shall obey him in everything.

To him alone I entrust my life.

Good-bye.

THE DIARY OF JEAN LESTRANGES.

Pauline is calmer. I took her to Sorrente to try to bring back a smile to her poor shrivelled little face. The setting sun lighted up the gulf and bathed the Pauselippe hills in a golden mist. Pauline hardly spoke to me but she cried silently. As I looked at this beautiful countryside all aglow in the evening light, I felt nature

calling man to love. It was like the song of Hymen, and I had to pull myself together to remember that this child is my daughter . . . nothing more.

She has received two letters from Robert; she has not shown them to me. I do not question her. I respect her silence. I know she thinks that I am cold and reserved. I read a reproach in her eyes. She instinctively looks to me for support and finds me unresponsive.

Last night she read to me a passage from "Corrine":—

"Why is it that two beings, who have given each other their most intimate thoughts, who have spoken of God, of the soul and of sorrow, suddenly drift apart and become as strangers to one another? Love is a strange mystery! Must one submit to it or fight it?

Her disturbed features and breathless voice filled me with anguish. She was there, waiting, imploring a response. A silent avowal stifled us.

Even that silence, as it lingered, created between us a sort of complicity. I broke it at last and the sound of my own voice astonished me; "We must return to Paris," I said in a tone I tried to make light. Two tears shone in Pauline's eyes. She did not reply. We shall start next week.

O Lord, give me power and courage . . .

ROBERT TO PAULINE.

March 29th.

Pauline, what have you done?

It seems to me that it is not true. Even this hotel room seems hostile and deserted without you.

We could be so happy, Pauline! Why must we spoil everything by so much misunderstanding?

You sometimes call me your big boy, Pauline; ah, well, as a boy, I cannot believe that you have left me for ever; I feel that we are both so young, at the very beginning of life and I am still full of hope.

After all, put yourself in my place. I was in a bar at one in the morning, perhaps it was two, I don't know.

I had drunk gin, fizz, manhattan and whisky. All of a sudden I heard that fool speaking lightly of a woman, a woman who is my friend; the effect of the alcohol brought me to myself. I know what is true and false with regard to Éliane. I was seized with an immense disgust, as if all the emptiness of my hollow life stood clear before my eyes. It burst on me like a flash of lightning and in front of them all, I smacked his face.

He had insulted a woman, Pauline, are you going to blame me? If you were here, I would take your head in my hands and look in your eyes and say,

"You would not have wanted your husband to be a coward."

That is what I would have explained to you if you had given me time and I know you would have forgiven me, but you went off without giving me a chance. You must realize how your belief of the worst hurt me.

As for the other little thing, I told you about it yesterday—in simple loyalty, when I was not obliged to—this poor little adventure with Éliane that was only a nervous reaction. It would never have taken place if you had remained. It is you I love. Do you not feel it across this distance? Ah, Pauline, while I am writing to you, you must be in the dusk in your room that looks out on to the Mediterranean; you are listening to the murmur of the sea that is like a sigh, a call to lovers. . . My dear, my dear, return, return, like the dawn after a storm; I am waiting for you and I call with all my strength for the moment when all this unhappy past will be destroyed in the flames of our joy.

PAULINE TO ROBERT.

Naples, *April 2nd.*

Do not write to me, Robert, your letters hurt me.

I tore up the last one. The second is here before me; I have read it almost in spite of myself and now I have not the courage to destroy it.

Yes, we could be happy; we even were happy.

I know that we were, but our love is now in fragments. You say that it is my fault; that if I had remained I should have understood, and that the other thing would not have happened. No, Robert, that is not quite true. The conflict between us is more serious than that. I went off because I was at an end of my tether, weary and disgusted, because I thought you had betrayed our love. But why did I not go to my aunt, or even to La Gauterie? It would have been quite natural, and I did not even think of it. Why did I come here without any hesitation, almost instinctively? Why?

You have known why for a long time.

I have tried to explain to you before the kind of spell that lies so heavily upon me. You would not believe me. You thought it was nothing but the figments of a child's imagination that had nothing to do with reality.

Perhaps you were right, but one can suffer from things which do not exist.

I came here because I knew I should find the one who understands me and expresses the other half of myself. I should not have left you, Robert, if it had not been for this. Perhaps I did wrong all the same. There are some things that are not possible in this world and one has to choose. . . .

You ask me to return . . . to pick up again our old life . . . after what has happened? As if it were all nothing?

I have not the courage.

I am returning to Paris, since it is your father's wish. I shall remain with him in his house. We shall see each other sometimes, Robert, but how can you still talk of love? I no longer know what that word means. I am very tired. Do not write to me any more.

ROBERT TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

My Father, *March 30th.*

I am writing to you to-day as man to man. The

proof is quite clear; you have power over Pauline; take care—do not use it to separate without knowing it two young lives.

Pauline left me to go to you. I am writing to her by this post to ask her to return without referring any more to her desire to be with you.

However great my faults, she must return; her life is riveted to mine; she must not be deprived of a husband who loves her and will be able to protect her all her life.

Oh, I know that I do not give her what you offer, all those attractions of mind and spirit; for a woman like her, the simple love of a young man weighs light in the balance against the prestige of fame. I know there are parts of her that escape me; I am not blind, and over those it is you who reign. Then be my friend, my ally; plead my cause with her. Do not encourage too much her dreams; she has a home, you ought to be the protector of it. I tell you everything, I am telling you of your own strength. I do not ask for a reply; but if by chance you did not know all this, do not deny the evidence, and do not spoil the happiness of your two children.

JEAN LESTRANGES TO ROBERT.

Naples,

Robert, *April 2nd.*

Your letter has touched my heart. I have thought about it all night. I walked up and down my room hour after hour. Can you really accuse me of unconsciously separating the two lives that are more precious to me than my own? What have I done? Do appearances really condemn me? But let us leave all that for the moment. I have decided what I must do, and I will let you know when the time comes.

Throughout this night of anguish, my one thought has been—you still love Pauline. I know your betrayal was only a moment's madness. She will forgive you, for she has not ceased to love you.

We shall be in Paris the day after to-morrow in the

evening. This letter should reach you in the morning. When we arrive at the Quai d'Orléans, Pauline must find a letter from you. Your heart will dictate to you what to say.

You ask me to be your ally and to protect your home. Have you doubted me then so much? You must trust me, my dear Robert. In a little time, I shall be able to prove to you that I am ready to do anything to ensure your happiness.

ROBERT TO PAULINE.

Paris,
April 4th, 193...

You are back again in Paris, Pauline. Now you are resting at the Quai d'Orléans and soon I am going to see you again.

It is spring; happiness is everywhere, in the air, in the future. I love you; I have never quite known how to tell you. I love you; there is nothing on earth now but you who return and I who am waiting for you.

From now onwards let us live the dream that everyone pursues in this world. Let us live the vanished dream that you pursued even in your flight, that I vainly sought in places where it does not lie.

Let us seize the moment that frees life from all its misery and sorrow; come, let us set out together and be as one.

PAULINE TO ROBERT.

Paris, Quai d'Orléans,
April 5th, 193...

I said I would never read your letters again. I left your last one all night on the hall table here, but your father insisted on my reading it this morning. With that sad look in his eyes he has had for the last few days, he said, " Pauline, read this letter. I ask you to in the name of the affection you have for me."

I tore open the envelope without any emotion. I expected to find more reproaches and wretched excuses. At that moment your father sat down beside me and

looked for a long time at the pages trembling in my hands. I was seized by a sudden impulse to test my emotions, to confront the past with the future. I gave him your letter and asked him to read it to me. So his tender voice spoke your words of love.

I heard as in a dream your passionate appeal and something woke in me that had long been sleeping.

"Pauline, I love you . . . there is nothing on earth now but you who return and I who am waiting for you . . . let us set out together, and be as one."

I heard these words as if they had come from a distance, far away from me. I knew what they meant and yet, spoken by that voice, they seemed to lose their true meaning. I closed my eyes and I almost felt your hand on my hair, your lips on mine. Your father was sitting beside me, but I felt I was alone.

Then I understood that I love no one but you, Robert. I belong to you, I love you; there can be no life for us apart. I have pursued a phantom, but now I know it does not exist. I am coming to you, Robert. I can refuse you nothing. Our spirits will fuse into a perfect whole and we shall be as one.

Your father read on to the last word. I felt his hand trembling in mine. He leaned over me, placed his cold lips on my forehead and said very quietly:

"When are you leaving, Pauline?"

I replied: "This evening."

He murmured: "I am going away, too, Pauline, for a long time."

He showed me an invitation he had received to direct the excavations at El Haddah in Bactriane . . . for many years.

When you read this, I shall already be on my way to you in Fontainebleau. There is nothing but a ghost in this house now, nothing stands between us any more. Let everything be effaced, we have life before us. I am coming to you. I love you.

PAULINE.

The Baltic Imbroglio

By George Soloveytchik

THE ever-growing tension between Hitler's Germany and Soviet Russia has just been given a new strong impetus by Dr. Goebbels and the "Fuehrer" himself. Their latest outbursts against Moscow, viewed in the light of all the usual Nazi pronouncements on the subject (ranging as they do from Hitler's profession of faith in "Mein Kampf" to the notorious Rosenberg plan), come as a strong reminder of the precarious situation in North-Eastern Europe.

Since Germany and Soviet Russia have no longer a common frontier, the countries most immediately affected are Poland and the Baltic States. An attempt has also recently been made by Germany to involve Finland in her various Baltic machinations. But so far as can be ascertained, that country has very wisely refused to respond to the suggestions made on Germany's behalf by Colonel Beck—the Polish Foreign Minister—during his somewhat abortive visit to Helsingfors. It is, however, significant that Germany is endeavouring to conduct her Baltic policy through the medium of Poland—a striking proof that as yet she does not feel strong enough to act alone, even though the Naval Pact with Great Britain has presented her with a virtual hegemony in the Baltic Sea. For the time being, then, she requires a powerful ally and is using Poland in that capacity, despite the fact that there is a latent dispute between them which at any moment may once again become an open one. The recent crisis in Danzig is a most eloquent proof of the fragile superstructure of the German-Polish rapprochement—a superstructure, furthermore, whose only pillars of support are the opportunistic methods of both Warsaw and Berlin.

The full difficulties of the Baltic imbroglio will be appreciated when it is realized what changes have taken place there since 1914. Before the Great War, there were only four sovereign States interested in that region, viz.

Russia, Germany, Sweden and Denmark—or, for all intents and purposes, only the two former great rival Empires, the two latter countries being too small and really too "neutral" to have an active Baltic policy. Now the place of these four sovereign States has been taken by no less than ten, most of them being entirely new formations.

Russia has almost completely disappeared from the shores of the Baltic, and Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania and Poland have emerged as independent national entities instead. Germany has lost a large slice of territory in the Baltic, partly to Poland, partly to the Free City of Danzig, and, finally, to Memel and Lithuania.

Even before Hitler's advent to power, it was more than doubtful whether Germany would accept the post-Versailles situation as final. Her "Drang nach Osten" is no new invention, and has certain deep historical and psychological causes. In Nazi Germany all this has been emphasized, amplified, distorted and misused to the extreme; and although the vexatious Polish corridor question is temporarily shelved, the stage for German action in the Baltic has been carefully prepared.

It is not within the scope of this article to analyse the very peculiar character of the present German-Polish relations. There can be no doubt that Poland has an important part to play between Hitler's Germany and Soviet Russia, but whether it is the one she has chosen to assume is a matter for argument.

As long as the spirit of Rapallo prevailed, and Germany and Soviet Russia were friends—not to say satellites—the position of Poland and the Baltic States was a perfectly clear one. The preservation of their newly-acquired independence, and therefore maintaining absolute neutrality, was the only thing that really mattered. These considerations dominated everything else; they do still, but the international position has entirely changed.

Despite a certain amount of trouble with their own German minorities, the Baltic States managed to get on quite well with post-war Germany. Old cultural ties, as well as profitable economic relations, created if not a spirit of friendship, then at least one of friendliness. As far as the Soviets are concerned, a basis for close co-operation was gradually found, despite the fundamental fear, hatred and distrust of Russia animating her former border States. Not only politically, but economically, the vast Russian hinterland was of such importance to Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania that keeping on the right side of Moscow became an axiom of their foreign policy; and as to the U.S.S.R., it had too many acute problems of its own to cherish any ambitions, territorial or otherwise, on its western frontier. Furthermore, it found the little Baltic republics very useful and convenient neighbours.

This state of affairs as between Soviet Russia and the three Baltic States can be said to be still the same to the present day. Not so in the case of Germany, however, which is now openly threatening them.

What is the reaction of the countries involved to all these transformations in the international situation? The Baltic Entente, which was officially constituted in September, 1934, has just celebrated its first anniversary. It is a peculiar formation, for in a sense it extends far beyond the realm of its own constituent parts. While the Baltic Entente proper includes only the three small republics of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, it has also certain arrangements as well as a community of interests with Finland and Poland. But the last-named two countries have their own contacts, or actual arrangements for close co-operation, with other States or even groups of States, as, for instance, Finland with the Scandinavian countries, or Poland with Roumania. The origin of the Baltic Entente can be traced many years back, in fact, to the time when the constituent members, as well as the associates Finland and Poland, as yet belonged to the

Russian Empire and represented mere national minorities. Ever since their secession from Russia, however, i.e. since 1918, innumerable conferences have been held in the capitals of each of these young republics in turn, and close co-operation was established long before the formation of the actual Baltic Entente at Geneva on September 12, 1934.

The agreement then signed by Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania stipulates diplomatic as well as military co-operation for a period of ten years. When it was signed it must have been quite clear to Estonia and Latvia that an alliance of this sort with Lithuania—a State involved in long-drawn conflicts with both Poland (Vilna) and Germany (Memel) must be fraught with serious danger. A formula was therefore found according to which certain specific problems can be excluded from the general community of interests in the joint foreign policy agreed between the three Baltic republics. That these "specific problems" mean Vilna and Memel is too obvious to require any comments, and furthermore, Lithuania's allies have repeatedly stressed the desirability of her "cleaning up" her relations with Poland and Germany, in order to facilitate the better functioning of the Baltic Entente.

Yet it is difficult to see how this can be done, and how Estonia's and Latvia's professed desire to steer clear of all international issues can be realized. For Memel, at any rate, is definitely a problem of international importance, that may at any given moment become the starting-point of a new world-wide conflagration.

Among the Baltic States, Lithuania is the one whose relations with Soviet Russia to-day are undoubtedly the most intimate. This is due to a number of reasons, not the least of them being Moscow's willingness to absorb Lithuania's over-production of bacon pigs. In a small country of this kind it is even more difficult to draw a clear line of demarcation between political and economic interests than in a larger State, and in Lithuania the

pig problem is of paramount importance. A couple of hundred thousand pigs or so are therefore a most vital factor in international relations.

Through agreeing to buy these pigs Moscow has greatly consolidated her influence in Lithuania, and through her is seeking to influence Estonia and Latvia as well. It is no exaggeration to say that Soviet Russia is going out of her way to secure the friendship and co-operation of the Baltic Entente and is doing her utmost to win it over to her side. In that game Lithuania is obviously a very useful instrument. But she is also the weakest member of the Baltic Entente, and therefore the one to derive the greatest benefit from it; that, after all, is the privilege of the weaker member or members in any alliance. Now, Latvia and Estonia are prepared to go a long way towards helping her; yet, however anxious they themselves may be, to live on friendly terms with their formidable Russian neighbours, they do not wish to fall entirely under their influence (or at least quite to the same degree) as Lithuania. They know that in case of a German aggression—Eastern Pact or no Eastern Pact—Soviet Russia would join in the issue. But how can they help dreading the "Assistance" of the red army?

It is hardly possible for them to conceive of a situation where Moscow's red troops would march through Estonian or Latvian territory scrupulously observing an attitude of self-restraint, and treating their Baltic allies or friends in a courteous and detached way.

A Russian invasion of the Baltic territories, under whatever flag or pretext this may take place, is a thought they simply abhor — despite Moscow's peaceful and friendly assurances. At the moment, they feel reasonably certain that Moscow would never do any such thing unless Germany started it, and that, of course, is a thing which is completely beyond their control.

The Baltic Entente as at present constituted is in no sense a menace to Germany. Nor is there anything they

can do to placate Hitler should he decide to proceed with the Rosenberg plan. Not even if Estonia and Latvia succeeded in persuading Lithuania to compromise over Memel; not even if the Baltic Entente went on observing the strictest neutrality; not even if its constituent members gave up the internal struggle with their own German minorities (that are growing more tiresome and Hitlerized every day); not even if they accepted any sort of compromise imposed upon them by the present rulers of Germany—could they prevent them from marching through Baltic territory, should Hitler decide to attack Moscow.

The Baltic Entente has been frequently described as a great factor of peace, and no doubt to a certain extent that is correct. Its members have not merely been wise enough to avoid disputes among themselves, but have also managed to maintain peace in North-Eastern Europe, despite the many danger points that exist there and despite the many as yet unsolved local conflicts. But, with all that, it is difficult to see what the Baltic Entente could do in the case of a German attack. Their own combined military and economic resources are certainly quite inadequate, and the League of Nations is their only hope. At the present moment that hope does not seem to be a very bright one, to say the least of it.

Even in its wider sense—that is, including Poland and Finland as well as Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania—the Baltic Entente is caught between the ever-growing enmity of Moscow and Berlin, and can do little or nothing to prevent that enmity from turning into open war. Small wonder, then, that the political leaders of all these countries should go out of their way to keep on good terms with both Moscow and Berlin.

But since they do not trust the former and dread the latter, this performance is neither pleasant nor profitable.

The European situation is fraught with so many unexpected possibilities, that the present tension in the Baltic may suddenly disappear. In that somewhat

unlikely event, but, unfortunately, then alone, would the Baltic Entente have a great chance of development and consolidation. A possibility would perhaps arise for the creation of a Baltic Confederation, of a very different kind. The union of all the countries involved is an ideal which has many protagonists, but it is no easy matter. A Baltic Federation on these lines would require a closeness of relations between its constituent parts that no statesman can impose on his country. That is a matter of natural growth and development, which we may yet live to see. But for the moment the situation in the Baltic remains explosive in the extreme. Not even the combined efforts of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania can resist the " Furor Teutonicus " if it is allowed freedom of action in North-Eastern Europe. It is in the interests of Great Britain and France to see that this should not be the case.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HUGH KINGSMILL**

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Literary Notes

By Hugh Kingsmill

Modern Teachers

THE rather sensational title of Mr. Rom Landau's book ("God Is My Adventure." Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.) does not at all correspond with its tone, which is extraordinarily balanced, sincere and untheatrical. Since he was a boy, Mr. Landau tells us, he has always been attracted by the regions of truth that the official religions and sciences are shy of explaining, and has taken every opportunity of watching and questioning those men who claim to have penetrated these regions. In this book he gives an account of his meetings with some of the best known figures in modern philosophy and unofficial religion—Krishnamurti, Key-

serling, Steiner, Ouspensky, Gurdjieff, Frank Buchman and Shri Meher Baba. One of Mr. Landau's great merits is that he is equally free from hysteria and cynicism. One can see that he was amused by Shri Meher Baba and somewhat repelled by Frank Buchman, and that he was profoundly impressed by Steiner and moved by Krishnamurti, but he writes of them all with the same detachment. Himself an artist he pictures each of these men so vividly that their virtues and limitations are more forcibly brought home to us than by pages of abstract disquisition. We see Keyserling first presiding over the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt—" The hills and the fields, the poet (Tagore), the Grand Duke and the many royal and imperial princes, Keyserling and all the philosophers and philistines were bathed in the glow of the evening sun. It was a very striking picture." Our last sight of Keyserling is thirteen years later, harried by Nazi officials but undaunted, and full of zest in the conflict now waged from a small and poorly-furnished room. Gurdjieff is extraordinarily well drawn; his genuine hypnotic powers are illustrated by their effect on the writer, his tricks for disconcerting a stranger and placing him at a disadvantage are detailed with sardonic humour, and the final summary is convincing—" There could be no doubt that the man who exercised such a strong influence over his pupils had ceased to be the power he once was. Evasiveness, contradiction and bluff—formerly the weapons in a most complicated system—seemed to have become part of Gurdjieff's very nature." Buchman, who refused to come to close quarters with Mr. Landau, is described as " short, stoutish and benevolent-looking, with a smile on his thin, but firm, lips and with a pair of extremely bright, keen eyes that were always watching something from behind gold-rimmed spectacles." Shri Meher Baba is amusingly, but not unkindly, revealed in his setting of " them Arabs," as the domestic in the house off Lancaster Gate called them, when she opened the door to Mr. Landau.

Mr. Landau's combination of detachment and deep feeling is best seen in his account of Krishnamurti—"When Krishnamurti stopped his eyes were shining, and there was in him that specific quality of beauty which easily appears sentimental or artificial when described in words, and yet is so convincing when met with in real life. It did not seem magnetism that radiated from him but rather an inner illumination that is hard to define, and that manifests itself as sheer beauty."

Dealing with persons who have been the object of every kind of uncritical praise and abuse, Mr. Landau gives the impression of a scrupulously fair and level-headed witness, and in his last chapter he shows that he has learnt on his long voyage of exploration how to apply to himself the conclusions he has formed in studying others.

Arminian Moonshine

THE "dissidence of Dissent," as Matthew Arnold called it, has long since been refined away. To the Dissenter of a hundred years ago the distinction between God's Word and all other books was absolute. He would not have understood, far less been tempted by, the advantages of an entente cordiale between his religion and secular literature. His spiritual descendants are made of more pliable stuff. In "William Cowper and The Eighteenth Century" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 15s.) Mr. Gilbert Thomas carries his harmonization of poetry and the religion of John Wesley so far as to claim that Blake was the great poetic representative of the Evangelical Movement—Blake, who wrote: "The worship of God is: Honouring his gifts in other men, each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best; those who envy or caluminate great men hate God, for there is no other God."

In the Pleasant-Sunday-Afternoon world conjured up by Mr. Thomas, in which John Wesley radiates "Arminian sunshine" while Blake and Charles Wesley

sing from the same hymn book, Cowper is transformed from a stricken deer into a smug spaniel, contentedly ambling by the side of his large-hearted Calvinist mentor, John Newton. "What a feast of talk," Mr. Thomas cries; "these friends must have enjoyed as they strode together across the fields!" Cowper's madness and despair don't fit into this picture, so Mr. Thomas whittles them away, with the help of Goldwin Smith, who wrote a dreary book on Cowper for the English Men of Letters series. "The truth is," Mr. Thomas quotes from Goldwin Smith, "his (Cowper's) malady was simple hypochondria." Having explained Cowper's madness with a polysyllable, Goldwin Smith explains away his despair with a theory that emotions expressed in poetry are not genuine emotions. "The despair which finds vent in verse," he writes of Cowper's "Castaway," "is hardly despair." Mr. Thomas is so much relieved by this thought that he elaborates it at length: "His brain gave to the poem ('The Castaway') the superficial colour of despair . . . A man cannot write a beautiful poem who has lost his joy in beauty . . . Cowper's *mind* might be full of pity for himself; his *heart* overflowed with compassion for Anson's sailor. There was love in the depths of his being; and, where love is, peace, however ruffled be the surface of things, remains."

If despair is not despair when it finds vent in verse, joy, passion and tenderness are not joy, passion and tenderness when they find vent in verse, and Burns, Shakespeare, Keats, Chaucer and Wordsworth are a row of automatic machines. A person who can detect peace beneath the surface of Cowper's "Castaway" could find the materials for a hunting song in James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night." To Cowper, Anson's sailor was an image of his own doom in the contemplation of which he could for a moment rise above his agony. Mr. Thomas's "his *heart* overflowed with compassion for Anson's sailor" is Chadband snuffling over secular literature. This change of objective is a very good thing

for the Bible, but it opens up a desolating vista for lovers of English poetry.

Those who do not know " The Castaway " may test Mr. Thomas's conclusions about it from this stanza :—

> No voice divine the storm allay'd,
> No light propitious shone;
> When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
> We perished, each alone;
> But I beneath a rougher sea,
> And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

Wordsworth's Letters

IN " The Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, 1787–1805 " (Oxford, 25s.) Mr. Ernest de Selincourt, Wordsworth's great editor, gives us the first of three volumes which will contain all the letters of Wordsworth and his sister that have not been destroyed, or are not being withheld from publication by their owners.

Dorothy Wordsworth is a delightful letter-writer, though her correspondence did not give her the same chance as her journals of revealing her deepest feelings about nature and her brother. Since she is sometimes represented as inhumanly sweet and self-effacing, it is refreshing to read her comments on Mrs. Coleridge, whom she despised for her inability to make Coleridge happy. " She is an excellent nurse to her sucking children (I mean to the best of her skill, for she employs her time often foolishly enough about them). Derwent is a sweet, lovely Fatty—she suckles him entirely—he has no other food. She is to be sure a sad fiddle faddler."

Wordsworth's letters, dealing as they do exclusively with Wordsworth, are a very valuable source of information about one of the greatest of poets and probably the greatest of all egotists. In a letter requesting William Calvert to supply enough money to enable him to go to Portugal with Calvert's brother, Wordsworth rounds off his request with : " You see I speak to you as a friend. But then, perhaps, your present expenses may render it

difficult. Would it not exalt you in your own esteem to retrench a little for so excellent a purpose"? As in the same letter Wordsworth informed William Calvert that his brother proposed to leave him (Wordsworth) six hundred pounds, which would otherwise have gone to William Calvert, one is not surprised that William refrained from heightening his self-esteem by giving Wordsworth a holiday in Portugal.

The flat sententiousness of Wordsworth, in his uninspired moments, comes out in his comments on idiots to one of his correspondents. His poem, "The Idiot Boy," is grotesque and half insane. It reveals the strangest element in his extraordinary nature. His attempt to rationalize and make respectable his interest in idiots is in a different way, as grotesque as the interest itself. "I have, indeed, often looked upon the conduct of fathers and mothers in the lower classes of society towards idiots as the great triumph of the human heart . . . nor have I ever been able to contemplate an object that calls out so many excellent and virtuous sentiments without finding it hallowed thereby."

John Bailey

MRS. BAILEY has made a delightful volume out of the letters and diaries of her husband ("John Bailey, Letters and Diaries," edited by his wife, with a prefatory note by Professor G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. Murray, 10s. 6d.). John Bailey, in Professor Trevelyan's words, "sought in selected parts of the London society of a generation ago the play of mind with mind on literary and other topics, which seemed to him an essential part of civilized life." Here are two extracts which will give an idea of Bailey's skill in reproducing what interested and amused him. "March 27, 1919. Dined at The Club. Kipling told us that he had been struck with the numbers of Colonial soldiers who felt that they had for the first time been in a world which was full of life, of incidents, of variety, of memories of art and history—and who felt

that they would never again be able to stay content in Australia or Canada, with nothing great in them but space." And here is Bailey's reproduction of a confession made, according to Swinburne, by Queen Victoria to the Duchess of Kent: "Ce n'était pas un prince, ce n'était pas un milord, ni même Sir Robert Peel. C'était un misérable du peuple, en nomme Wordsworth, qui m'a récité des vers de son Excursion d'une sensualité si chaleureuse qu'ils m'ont ébranlés—et je suis tombée."

A Politician

MIRABEAU. By EVARTS S. SCUDDER. (Barker. 10s. net.)

AT a time when every lunatic in the world is doing his best, under the heading of Fascism or Communism (different names for identical manias), to obliterate the individual and elevate the State, it is pleasant to turn to the career of Mirabeau. For Mirabeau believed in personal liberty and would no doubt be regarded as a danger to the community by all the followers of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin & Co. In fact, he carried his belief in personal freedom beyond the limit at which many even of his followers drew the line. Like most prophets, and all politicians, his private life was not on a level with his public professions; a fact which, though unsatisfying to the moralist, is helpful to the biographer. There is plenty of light and shade in Mirabeau's character, and though Mr. Scudder might have painted his subject in more striking colours, he has not glossed over the virtues or defects.

Mutatis mutandis, Mirabeau's salient characteristics strongly resemble those of an eminent modern politician, whose name we will omit and who would be the last person in the world to recognize the similarity without its assistance. Both possessed extraordinary personal charm, boundless egotism, colossal energy, monumental conceit, great oratorical power and considerable organizing ability; both hated the aristocracy, preached class warfare, and used a form of personal invective that struck a new note in the politics of their countries; both loved intrigue, were intensely ambitious and used every means to attain their ends;

both had an almost religious reverence for liberty, a low opinion of military commanders and an overwhelming desire to run everything themselves; both ultimately lost their grip on reality, had their feet in too many camps at the same time and finished up by earning the deep distrust of all parties.

The genial current of Mirabeau's soul was never quite frozen, like that of his modern parallel, because he did not rise high enough in the realm of authority; and since we are dealing with Mirabeau as he was, we need not speculate on what he might have been. Mr. Scudder has written an able and well-planned sketch of his character, aims and achievements, though it is impossible to agree with the biographer when he claims profundity for Mirabeau's political utterances. One of them—" Jacobins as ministers are never Jacobin ministers "—has often been quoted, but one does not have to be a deep thinker to turn out things like that. Its truth is so obvious that something like it must have been said pretty often during the last 5,000 years. The present writer would undertake to produce half a dozen equally profound apothegms a week—on a cash basis, of course. The fact is that hardly a politician or statesman in history has ever made a remark worth repeating. All their so-called profundities are platitudes. Very rarely, at moments of acute personal crisis, they have been able, like Burke, to express themselves as well as a second-rate poet. But it must in fairness be allowed that they are frequently amusing and occasionally human, and sometimes they provide excellent material for the biographer.

HESKETH PEARSON.

Fiction

WOMAN OF GLENSHIELS. By LENNOX KERR. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)
JANUS. By GEORGE BARKER. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)
EVENTS IN THE EARLY LIFE OF ANTHONY PRICE. By PHILIP HENDERSON. (Noriswood. 6s. net.)
DARBY AND JOAN. By MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)
DRURY RANDALL. By MARY JOHNSTON. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE novel of unemployment is apparently the new *snobisme*, and the easiest thing for the reviewer to do is to swell the ranks of the eminent persons who chorus emphatically that " this book

reveals a state of affairs so appalling that it should be read by every thinking person." It saves a lot of trouble and gives one a reputation for generous feeling. Unfortunately, the novel of unemployment, being admittedly propaganda more or less, calls for consideration on two counts, as a novel and as a political tract. As a novel, Mr. Lennox Kerr's " Woman of Glenshiels " is admirable. Its heroine is Mary Basset, who, coming out of a poverty-stricken and slatternly home, sought security and respectability. Being Scottish, pre-war, and very capable, she sought it in hard work, sober living and self-repression. After an early love affair with an idealistic young Socialist who joins up in the war against his convictions and gets killed, Mary marries a respectable engineer and climbs into the lower-middle classes. The post-war depression closes the shipyards, throws her husband out of work, and finally reduces her to the straits of having to sell her furniture to pay a fine incurred through drawing illegal relief money. The book ends dramatically with Mary and her young son watching a procession of hunger-marchers passing below the windows of her empty room. They vow that they are not defeated, that they will go on fighting. But exactly what they are going to fight is not quite clear. The disquieting thing about most of these books is that they induce in the average reader a feeling that it would be quite easy to do something if only the good will was there, whereas the truth of the matter is that the Government—any recent Government—wants not so much good will as good sense. Social justice is not achieved by substituting government of the rich by the poor for government of the poor by the rich, and an appeal *ad misericordiam* is not an argument. This essential naïveté ruins the effect of many novels of this type, but it is only fair to Mr. Lennox Kerr to say that his book is far more considered than most of the *genre*. As a story, as a picture of Scottish working-class life, and as a character study of an admirable but not very attractive woman, it is excellent.

Mr. George Barker's publishers make for him the remarkable claim that whoever may come to be known as the Coleridge or Wordsworth of this generation, he is undoubtedly the Keats. If the poet's reputation rested upon his love letters to Fanny Brawne this might be substantiated, as it is, the puff makes a not inconsiderable talent look ridiculous. Mr. George Barker is one of our younger (as opposed to our "young") poets, and " Janus " consists of two highly emotional narratives of a young man's love affairs, one apparently homosexual, one novelettishly

normal, told in a feverish prose which is occasionally moving and occasionally like a poorish imitation of Sir Thomas Browne.

Messrs. Boriswood, on the other hand, claim nothing more for Mr. Philip Henderson's novel than that it is "short and excitingly readable." It is actually both. The author's style is so easy and free from mannerisms that one wishes he had chosen some less hackneyed subject than the adolescent experiences of a rather spineless young man. But to make these commonplaces readable, and to invest them even with a degree of poetry, is quite a considerable achievement.

To turn from this rather experimental fiction to Mr. Maurice Baring is like coming home after a long sojourn in distinctly odd lodgings. There is nothing disquieting here. Everyone is so well-bred, knowing the right sort of people, and interested, but not too much so, in the right sort of things. The virtue of Mr. Baring's matter is that he never forgets that life is a discipline which must be continued, however violent the forces which threaten to break through. The weakness of Mr. Baring's manner is that it occasionally suggests that the real reason why these forces do not break through is because they are not strong enough. A faint weariness pervades these pleasant drawing-rooms and echoes through these polished conversations. Joan Brendon, losing her early love through a ridiculous coincidence; losing one husband through a tragedy in which she had no part, and another through a barrier of habit and religion, is united, after all these and more vicissitudes, to her first love. Her grandchild, looking at her portrait, says: "The Victorians always look so calm. But then nothing ever happened to you, did it?" "No," says Joan, and here Mr. Baring finishes the book. The irony does not quite come off.

Miss Johnston's "Drury Randall" is another of those historical romances about the South on the eve of the American Civil War. It has all the familiar ingredients, deftly mixed by a skilful hand. But, unfortunately, doubt has crept into the picture: Drury Randall decides that he must remain neutral. Superficially, Miss Johnston's picture of society ought to gain by this realistic detail. Actually, it does nothing of the kind. If you want swords and roses, cool gracious vistas, banjo-strumming by moonlight, and all that, you have got to have a conventional hero. Neutrality may be wise and right, but it is seldom impressive.

R. MILLAR.

Dictators

THE WAY OF THE DICTATORS. By LEWIS BROAD and LEONARD RUSSELL. (Hutchinson and Co.)

As a descriptive study of modern conditions in Europe and the events that led up to them, this work is exceedingly useful. As a text-book, it covers almost the whole European field in a form which was badly needed. In particular, the account of President Roosevelt's first attempts to put order into his country and the frustration of his labours by the Supreme Court is invaluable. The portrait of Roosevelt himself is the best thing in the book. Equally the history of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia and its early development is disentangled from its numerous complexities and set out with a clarity that will be an immense help to the inevitably befogged inquirers into the real facts of 1917 to 1919 and onwards. The relations between Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, always somewhat of a puzzle, are explained with accuracy and interest.

It is when the authors tackle the difficult problem of Hitler and Mussolini, of Nazism and Fascism, that they lay themselves open to criticism. A great deal of confusion of thought has arisen in our time through the habit of classing in one category or under a single appellation the contemporary figures of note who have imposed or assumed authoritative Government, and it is an over-simplification, on the one hand, to rank together indiscriminately Mustapha Kemal, Pilsudski, King Alexander and Dollfuss with the Italian and German Dictators, and, on the other hand, to confound the Corporate State with Fascism. Moreover, from this angle, Salazar of Portugal, whose great achievements for the regeneration of his country have been conducted on both "dictatorial" and Corporate lines, should surely not have been omitted from the list.

But, even if the discussion is confined to Hitler and Mussolini alone, to whom the expression "dictatorship" should certainly apply, the radical distinction between the two has been seriously understated, if indeed made at all, because the book signally fails to appreciate the different philosophies underlying the German and Italian systems and the fundamental antagonism between the two. It ignores, in other words, the spiritual issues inherent in all the present-day Continental movements.

This must necessarily apply to that portion of the book which is devoted to Austria and Dollfuss. There is no particular

unfairness to the latter, since, from the materialistic standpoint of the authors, it could hardly be expected that the idealism of the Little Chancellor would be really understood. There is also much in the record of his Chancellorship which is at variance with the known facts. For instance, the interpretation placed on the Socialist revolt in Vienna of February, 1934, is arbitrary and unsupported. It merely follows the line of the normal British bias, often even Conservative, in favour of foreign Socialism everywhere—an aspect of national psychology which has yet to be satisfactorily explained. Nor is there a shred of evidence for the suggestion that the murder of Dollfuss was accidental. It has, on the contrary, been proved up to the hilt that his personal destruction had been definitely planned.

In these turbulent days the realm of prophecy is more than ever beyond human grasp. But, if predictions are to be founded, even tentatively, on such data as we have, certain statements in the book regarding Hitler and Mussolini require considerable qualification. It is not a fact that, were there again free elections in Germany, the overwhelming majority would vote in favour of the existing régime. Reliable reports from inside make it abundantly clear that the situation has entirely altered in the course of the last two years, and it is by no means hazardous to assert, that at least 60 per cent. would now be thankful to be rid of the tyranny under which they are at present suffering. In Italy, on the other hand, the enthusiastic rally to Mussolini, not merely over Abyssinia, but over the military strengthening of the Northern frontier of Italy for the event of aggression from the Reich against Austria, has once again demonstrated the fact that, even after thirteen years, the Duce commands the whole-hearted allegiance of his country.

The final essay on England's reactions to the Continental trend no doubt corresponds to the common view of all of us. But even the most " democratic " of peoples can wake up one day to discover that a Constitution which implies a weak Executive needs adjustment to modern requirements, so that we now have the conservative Swiss attempting, though without success up to date, to vote a Constitutional amendment which will be a step, however mild a one, towards more authoritarian Government. Apart from the economic and population problems, the disruptive moral forces that have made their appearance everywhere will some day have to be controlled with greater energy than the

average " democratic " Constitution allows. But happily for us, up to date, the moral unity of England remains unbroken. In that lies our main advantage over many of our Continental neighbours, and our guarantee against a native dictatorship.

J. D. GREGORY.

William Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIST. By SIR JOHN SQUIRE. (Cassell. 8s. 6d.)

THE arch-tickler of an audience in the theatre of Elizabeth and James I is the subject of Sir John Squire's new book: the first of a trio, to conclude with another on the " poet " and a third upon the " person," William Shakespeare.

The limitation of the title is vital to an understanding of the opening volume. To reduce the Shakespearean vast to comprehension by piecemeal poring is obviously the right way. So often does the Shakespearean wood advance to blind spectators to the lasting lie of Shakespeare's country, that Sir John devotes three discerning chapters to explaining the things he is not here trying to do. In effect, he says, there has been (until, in part, the arrival of Mr. Granville Barker) no critic, how fine soever in other respects, who has concentrated upon the dramatic technique, methods, tricks, devices by which this master of his business " got his stories across " to the audience of the Globe. Of set purpose, Squire has written this book as if only for intending playwrights. Moreover, this is no book of theory: its " tips " could be tabulated, and each tip is illustrated by some large or small scrap of the text.

Until the reader awakens to the simplicity of the approach, until he is eager to descend (and how splendid the descent!) from the sublimities of the rhapsodists to the alphabet of a dramatist's trade, he will scarcely realize the astonishing freshness of this volume. It makes those who ache to crook the pregnant hinges of their knees before the box office suddenly see that Master Will has a mastery of his business and can still beat them at their own miserable game. It makes the fellow who loves the plays in the study, as Lamb best loved them, suddenly see this old author in a new light. It makes the extravagant admirer, sheltered by such giddy " great poets " as Coleridge and Swinburne, awake to Shakespeare's laziness and mistakes. In fact, both will read this book as if it were the first examination of a new energy in the theatre.

It looks so simple, this unpretentious treatise, and the style is so easy that only those who can recognize simplicity, who are

fresh enough themselves to understand that an appearance of effortless writing is the reward of the hardest pains, will realize the originality of either. It is duller to fancy that nothing " fresh " can be written about Shakespeare, for, dull or alive, we find our own reflexions in books. No livelier or more fruitful introduction to Shakespeare, the stage-workman, has been written for ages, and the claim can be supported that none has fully tried, not even De Quincey, this particular approach before. The previous critics pass before us; the plots, dialogue, soliloquies of the plays, the fatal flaws of " closet drama." In short, it is an admirable book, the merits of which (being unexpected) will probably be recognized slowly. One omission can be urged. No explanation is offered of the old puzzle why Shakespeare made Hamlet talk about the " undiscovered country . . ." just after his conversation with his father's ghost. Mr. Ralli gave several, none convincing.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Humour and Sensibility

FOOL'S QUARTER DAY. By LOUIS MARLOW. (Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.)

THE story opens in the disillusioned twenties, and the hero-narrator is a young man full of distaste for the post-war world, the evils of which, as a non-combatant by force of circumstance, he attributes to the war, since like many persons who took no part in it, he cherishes the illusion that there is a war-blasted generation. Anyone who has been a prisoner of war, i.e. lived in close association with those who have had to go over the top of their own front line, knows that this is nonsense, but the theory is admirably suited to bringing out the character of Mr. Marlow's unnamed hero.

Novelists of thirty years ago were concerned with the barriers imposed by ethics and convention upon the intercourse of the sexes; contemporary writers have to deal with the varieties of ennui and exasperation, distaste and resignation, which result from a freedom in sex relationships that knows no barriers save those imposed by consanguinity.

Angela has known Mr. Marlow's Fool since his infancy, and tries to make up for the lack of warmth in their relationship by an irritating ingenuity in discovering in certain circumstances an indication that the accident of their intimacy was predestined, and the Fool reflects that she is right, " for not many women have been mother, friend, banker and mistress to the same man."

Escaping from post-war England to the coast of Dalmatia, the Fool is drawn by an old lady, English and aristocratic, into the strange complications of her family, and when he returns, Angela's jealousy helps to reveal to him his own half-suspected feelings for the old lady's adoptive granddaughter, Leo.

After a quarrel with Angela, the Fool is summoned to Suffolk by Leo's grandmother, and makes the significant discovery that, whereas on using a bathroom after Angela he always opened the window, he preferred to leave it shut on using a bathroom just vacated by Leo. He leaves the house with Leo to enable the grandmother to murder her daughter-in-law, and stays at an hotel with Leo to please Leo, and, as he believes, to please the grandmother. Circumstance, acting upon his own fecklessness, force him to an hotel he had frequented with Angela. He takes separate rooms, and in spite of Leo's protests keeps to his own room, illustrating the perversity with which Nature devises psychological obstructions to thwart pure love in its course, when social barriers have broken down. Everything works out to the complete satisfaction of the grandmother, and the Fool is able to reflect, " I have set that family on its feet ! "

In this delicately contrived story humour and sensibility underlie all the incidents of the plot, and Mr. Marlow also reveals a subtle feeling for natural scenery, which is never obtrusive.

BRIAN LUNN.

Kierkegaard

KIERKEGAARD : HIS LIFE AND THOUGHT. By E. L. ALLEN. (Stanley Nott. 6s.)

" MUST we not, indeed, risk a paradox, and say that since unhappiness brings us sooner than happiness to our goal of character and fellowship with God, it is unhappiness which is our truest happiness? " The Danish philosopher, Sören Kierkegaard, as Mr. Allen shows, was unafraid of paradox. Suffering makes better men of most, suffering which is " something other than the mishaps of life," which is rather " the inner suffering of a finite man under his relation to the infinite God." But the mishaps of life are not to be dismissed. They force the effort upon us. They occasion that inner suffering which, if it is not evaded, leads us to our goal of character. Kierkegaard encourages each individual to face the responsibility of suffering. Only thus can man triumph over his destiny.

With Kierkegaard the mishap of life was, indeed, that of

being born. He was born in 1813, the youngest of seven, of whom only he and the eldest survived. His father was fifty-six years old when Sören was born. The father, as a youth, cursed God for his miserable existence, and he lived to times of prosperity, haunted by his "sin against the Holy Ghost." This sin, with the callousness of the dead hand, he gave over, on his death-bed, to his son.

The inheritance of guilt gave a "sense of doom" to Sören's character, already overclouded by melancholy. Before this, too, he had renounced the love between him and the young Regine Olsen. He broke her faith by a pretence his love had ceased. The fact that he lost her stressed that part of his character which had driven him to renounce her. From that proceeded all his thinking. He said he owed his authorship to her, his melancholy and his money. He published his books at his own expense and died in 1855, both his money and his strength exhausted.

That he renounced his love was, perhaps, a decadent selfishness. His value is that he stimulates each person to face his individuality, not to sink his joy and his sorrow in a mass emotion. But he believed too much in isolation. He wanted himself to pass unnoticed, unscathed even by every pain that was not self-inflicted. But, as Mr. Allen asks, "has one any right to pass unscathed through life?" To renounce does not take so great a courage as to dedicate. "He who gives himself to others will unquestionably suffer injury again and again, but his existence will win a depth and content it could not otherwise have had."

His isolation led Kierkegaard to condemn the church, the facility of State religion, the easy access of birth to baptism. No revelation or dogma can save a man the trouble of saving himself. Kierkegaard died outside the religion for which he had lived, and after death was adopted by the church he reviled.

Mr. Allen's book is a spiritual biography. Kierkegaard holds an important place between Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Ibsen derived much from him in spite of his reply, when charged with this, that he "had read little of Kierkegaard and understood less." Stimulated by Mr. Allen's exposition of Kierkegaard's philosophy, one wishes to turn to his work—only to find that there is nothing in English but a brief bulletin of selections for which we have to thank the University of Texas. Perhaps, now, Mr. Allen will be encouraged to translate the fourteen volumes of Kierkegaard. This should be worth doing. Kierkegaard was not only a philosopher but a great writer.

JAMES THORNTON.

Love and Youth

SONGS OF LOVE AND YOUTH. By AUSTIN PHILIPS. (Basil Blackwood, Oxford, 1935. 3s. 6d.)

MR. AUSTIN PHILIPS possesses the classical qualities of directness and clarity. His technique is such as enables his readers to share his thoughts, impressions, and moods. He is a poet of love and, what is rarer, of friendship. The Elizabethans found in the reciprocation of kind offices between man and man a perpetual source of inspiration. Thus Antonio assures Bassanio

> " My purse, my person, my extremest means,
> Lie all unlock'd to your occasions."

Nor does that other Antonio of " Twelfth Night " fall one whit behind the former in protestations of affection for Sebastian. If friendship fail to-day as an inspiration, it can only mean that we possess in less degree the essentially masculine virtues of our ancestors. It is with a man, perhaps a colleague in letters, that Mr. Philips looks forward to sharing his particular Sabine Farm.

> " Our scanty pence, combined, shall buy
> A cottage on some westering bay,
> Where hangs the changing Cornish sky
> O'er cliffs where gulls and gannets prey."

He must fraternize; he must converse.

> " Give me an hour of generous talk
> With a friend—true friends are few—"

Though its characteristic is rather tenderness than passion, Mr. Philips is no less admirable in amorous vein.

> " Have you forgot, or, sometimes satiate
> Of calm content,
> Do you remember still the path, the gate,
> The orchard and the arbour where our late
> Glad nights were spent?
>
> I put my soul in peril and I pray—
> But will God meet
> My prayer?—that in your dreams, to-night, you may
> Recall those kisses of our distant day,
> And find them sweet! "

KENNETH HARE.

Rochester

ROCHESTER. By VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO. (Lane. 8s. 6d.)

ON his thirty-third birthday, Lord Byron wrote—

> Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
> I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
> What have these years left to me?
> Nothing—except thirty-three.

In April, 1680, Lord Rochester (himself a sort of tin Byron) might have made a similar reflection. But he would only have had three months to enjoy the joke—for he died in the July of that year. Rochester was a perfect example of the Restoration courtier with a strong taste for wine, women, and poetry. He was what one might call the left-hand man of Charles II, of whom he unkindly and immortally said—

> Here lies our sovereign lord the king
> Whose word no man relies on—
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one.

Yet he was decidedly more than a dandy, a nobleman, a sensualist, a libertine, and a wit. He was a man "with his contradiction." Unfortunately it was not such a crucifying contradiction that he could build great work upon it. He hadn't enough in him—only enough to be unhappy after having been too gay, or even in the midst of gaiety. He wanted religion and a philosophy of life, but was too feeble a poet and too poor a tinker to get anywhere. At the last when debauchery had broken down his health and he was near to death he had a religious experience. It was genuine enough, I think. Someone had been reading to him a chapter from Isaiah, and suddenly "he felt an inward Force upon him, which did so enlighten his Mind, and convince him, that he could resist it no longer: for the Words had an Authority which did shoot like Rays or Beams in his Mind; so he was not only satisfied in his Understanding, but by a power which did so effectually constrain him, that he did ever after firmly believe in his Saviour, as if he had seen him in the clouds." In spite of certain suspicious sentences in the above it was no doubt a real experience of religion; but as he did not live to show whether he could have built a philosophy and a way of life upon it, we are left with little more than that barren thing—death-bed repentance.

He provides material for an interesting brief study. Professor de Sola Pinto's book is not quite what is required. Yet how

many such books are written these days! One marvels at their competent emptiness. This book is written in lecture English. Take any example from hundreds that would serve: he quotes an indifferent passage of verse from Rochester and comments: "Nowhere is the peculiar quality of Rochester's genius better illustrated than in the lines that compare the 'thinking Fools' borne upon the wings of reason to the old Witch's 'cripled Carkass' flying by means of the 'charming Ointments.' It is an image that combines humour with grotesque pictorial effect in a way that has rarely been paralleled in English poetry." Or, having quoted a moderately good prose piece he says: "This passage is the work of a great master of prose style. It has the clarity of the new prose of the Restoration, with an energy, a wit and a subtly varied rhythm that anticipates the best work of Swift . . . it is a true product of the comic spirit, and a masterpiece of sparkling, fresh, vigorous prose in which every word has an organic function, like that of the brush-work in a great painting." That is not criticism: it is lecturese. The whole book moves in the same shadow world which is so incomprehensible to all who do not understand the academic mind. The facts are presented—yet nothing is understood, each vital point is buried. The author speaks in his Introduction of the climate of opinion in which Rochester lived, and how as a contemporary of Hobbes he found it difficult to attain a philosophy of life; and then he goes on to say that our age is peculiarly fitted to understand the seventeenth century in view of the fact that we are in much the same boat. "We, too, must test all things without the help of a universally believed theory of life and the universe. We, too, must endeavour to find for ourselves a significance in the strange and incomprehensible world that environs us, and orient our lives without the guidance of an age-long tradition." The monstrosity of saying that we, three centuries later, are anything like in the same position, never crosses the mind of the professor who can write those meaningless sentences. Nothing vital or significant seems to occur to him from first to last. Vague sense and vague nonsense are innocuously brought together into a competent jumble. One reflects again how strange is this academic world in which nothing is real—or where everything is somehow removed from reality. Outside it, we may not be happy, nor free, nor good, nor wise. But we are alive.

J. S. Collis.

Books Recommended

A History of Europe. By H. A. L. Fisher. Vol 2.* (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 18s.)

Poems. Stella Brown (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

To be a Farmer's Boy.† A. G. Street. (Faber & Faber. 5s.)

Geraldine Jewsbury. Her Life and Errors. Susanna Howe. (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

Through the Wilderness. H. J. Massingham. (Cobden-Sanderson. 15s.)

The First Winter. A Canadian Chronicle. H. G. G. Herklots. (Dent. 6s.)

Country Men. (Chaucer, Cobbett, Herrick, Hudson, and others.) John Moore. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

George the Fourth. Roger Fulford. (Duckworth. 9s.)

A Dictionary of Modern Usage. H. W. Horwill. (Oxford. 7s. 6d.)

Follow the Furies. Eleanor Carroll Chilton. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

Odd Man Out. Douglas Goldring. (Chapman & Hall. 15s.)

Memory and Imagination. Osbert Burdett. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d.)

Towards a New Scotland. Edited by Y. H. Whyte. Contributions from Edwin Muir, Eric Linklater, David Larg, Donald Casswell, etc. (Alexander Maclehose. 8s. 6d.)

The Fortunes of Montaigne. By Alan M. Boase. (Methuen. 18s.)

India's New Constitution. Eddy and Lawton. (Macmillan. 5s.)

England, Italy and Abyssinia. Major-General H. Rawson-Robinson. (William Clowes and Sons. 5s.)

Louis Macneice. Poems. (Faber and Faber. 6s.)

Oliver Goldsmith. Stephen Gwynn. (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.)

Japan in Crisis. H. Vere Redman. (Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

* This volume, which deals with the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Wars of Religion and the Age of Reason, will be reviewed when the third and final volume appears.

† An excellent and delightfully-written book on how to become a farmer.

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

LONDON is settling down to a year's work before the next holiday season comes round. The quiet common-sense characteristics of the Britisher back from his vacation was here better exemplified than at the present time when "wars and rumours of war" are circulating everywhere. He is not mightily interested but is prepared to trust his leaders. And for once the Irish Free State sees eye to eye with Westminster. In the final analysis determination counts for a great deal, and it looks as if some form of settlement should be reached even if Italy wages a lighting campaign to redeem Adowa and persuade the Abyssinians to accept terms more in keeping with her requirements than she can obtain from Geneva. At any rate it brings into sharp relief our position in the Mediterranean and Near East, and the risks we have run by reducing our naval and military establishments there as elsewhere to a minimum.

Five battalions in Malta are not one too many. And there should be at least two more infantry Regiments and one cavalry in lower Egypt and along the Canal as a normal garrison. As it is we leave only three Regiments on the Canal, three in the Cairo Brigade and three in the Cavalry Brigade. In other words three weak Brigades. And people are apt to forget the mighty distance Khartoum, where we have two infantry Regiments only, is from Cairo. The stragetic value of the Near East is of greater vital importance to-day than it was ever before.

* * *

MONKEYS seem quite a new rage as pets. I see one every day—well wrapped up—sitting on the roof of a private car enjoying itself immensely. He is a pattern monkey and goes shopping like a dog.

As a rule monkeys are mischievous. A relative of mine had one as a present from her nephew in the Navy, and he was a devil. He hated her. She on the other hand, scolded him. A big clash came at Christmastide. Four and twenty eggs were laid out on the dining room table for mixing in the plum pudding preparatory to the family stirring it. Master monkey seized his opportunity, stole the eggs and deposited them in line on top of the heavy curtain pole over the bay window. Then when his enemy appeared he cracked an egg, bolted the yoke and flung the shell and white at her, hitting her fair and square on her wig, a subject matter she never allows to be discussed. She, being of the old soldier type, refused to retire, with the result that she was plastered all over with the debris of twenty-four eggs.

Which reminds me there are those who think that eggs might in the future become a luxury because of the difficulties of raising hens or, to put it commercially, making poultry farming pay. But surely so long as we receive from the Empire consignments of eggs any possible shortage here would be obviated. Eggs are never as plentiful in winter as in summer, but I learn that the South African farmers are sending us over large consignments at the right time when needed.

These South African eggs afford an example of how scientific care can guarantee these eggs which have to come over 7,000 miles of sea, the freshness demanded by the public. During the journey "suspended animation" takes place, or in other words the eggs come ashore in England in the same state of life as when they were put aboard in South Africa. A good feature of the South African egg trade is that the South African farmers co-operate with the English to avoid any unnecessary competition and by so doing help out the supplies during winter.

* * *

THE nutritive value of nuts is being recognized by the Italian military authorities, who, I understand, have shipped to Eritrea large quantities of "Brazils" from the Upper waters of the Amazon, where the best Brazils come from Manáos, which gives its name therefore to the standard nut, as opposed to the Paras from the Lower Amazon, which are of a second grade. It is something to remember a contrast that the nuts of the densest equatorial forests in the world are now good food for the men on the burning sands of East Africa, where no tree grows. The crop this year is nearly 40,000 tons. The demand for this nut is so worldwide that collectors have to go higher and higher up the Amazon and are entering hitherto unexplored territory—a tribute to the truth of the adage concerning "supply and demand." Brazil is a big place, bigger than Australia.

* * *

A PERUSAL of the obituary notices in the leading papers proves how increasingly popular Cremation has become as a means of disposing of the dead. The problem of public cemeteries for earth burial is becoming increasingly difficult and must, sooner or later come to a head. But until the cost of cremation is at a level which is practicable for the working classes to use, it must be a privileged rather than a public method of burial. I was not surprised, therefore, to hear that an effort is being made to popularize it and give facilities for the working classes to support it according to their means.

In Sweden, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia a scheme of insurance is in being whereby small weekly or monthly contributions over a period of time cover the fees of cremation. This is a form of burial insurance similar to that in vogue here of our Industrial Companies, but which in this country does not as yet include cremation. To alter this a new scheme has been evolved, in which for the payment of 3*d*., 4*d*. or 6*d*. a week for a period not exceeding five years, people

who in the main are insured under the National Health Insurance, or their families and those in receipt of old age pensions will be able to provide for cremation at death at any Crematorium in Great Britain. These people will be known as "Associates" of the Cremation Society, as opposed to those who normally become "Members" on payment of certain fees. Should the "Associate" die before the five years period of payment is completed, he or she will be covered by a policy ensuring the benefit of cremation.

In this way it is hoped to create a Cremation-mindedness among the community, and to commence a movement among the working classes to popularize this sanitary form of disposal of the dead. I was not surprised to learn that a pioneer move has been made in the parish of Wembdon, Somerset, to utilize part of the churchyard as a Garden of Rest for the scattered ashes of the dead as well as to have thereon an open-air chapel and small columbarium for the disposal of urns. The Garden of Rest is being beautifully laid out, and an extension of this practice might well solve the burial difficulties of the coming years, and redeem the appearance of many of our country churchyards. The Church of England, it may be recalled, excludes now from Westminster Abbey, owing to lack of space, all interments but those of cremated ashes. Should parish churches adopt this or some similar scheme such as Wembdon, Somerset, has done, very many more people could have their ashes reverently buried either within or under the walls of their church. There is no doubt that it is only a question of time before the Government will have to consider carefully the whole problem of the disposal of the dead.

* * *

TIME and time again I am asked what Regiments have the privilege of marching through the streets of London City with Colours flying, bayonets fixed and drums beating. The answer is, those Regiments which have a direct connection with the old Trained Bands of the City. They are the Honourable Artillery Company, the Royal Marines, the "Buffs", now the Royal East Kent Regiment, the Royal Fusiliers, the 2nd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment originally formed out of the "Buffs," and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Battalions Grenadier Guards. Of the Guards units only the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards had this privilege prior to 1915, as they were the only Guards Regiment which had connection with the Trained Bands. But for some reason, during the war, the privileges of the 3rd Battalion were extended also to the 1st and 2nd.

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